

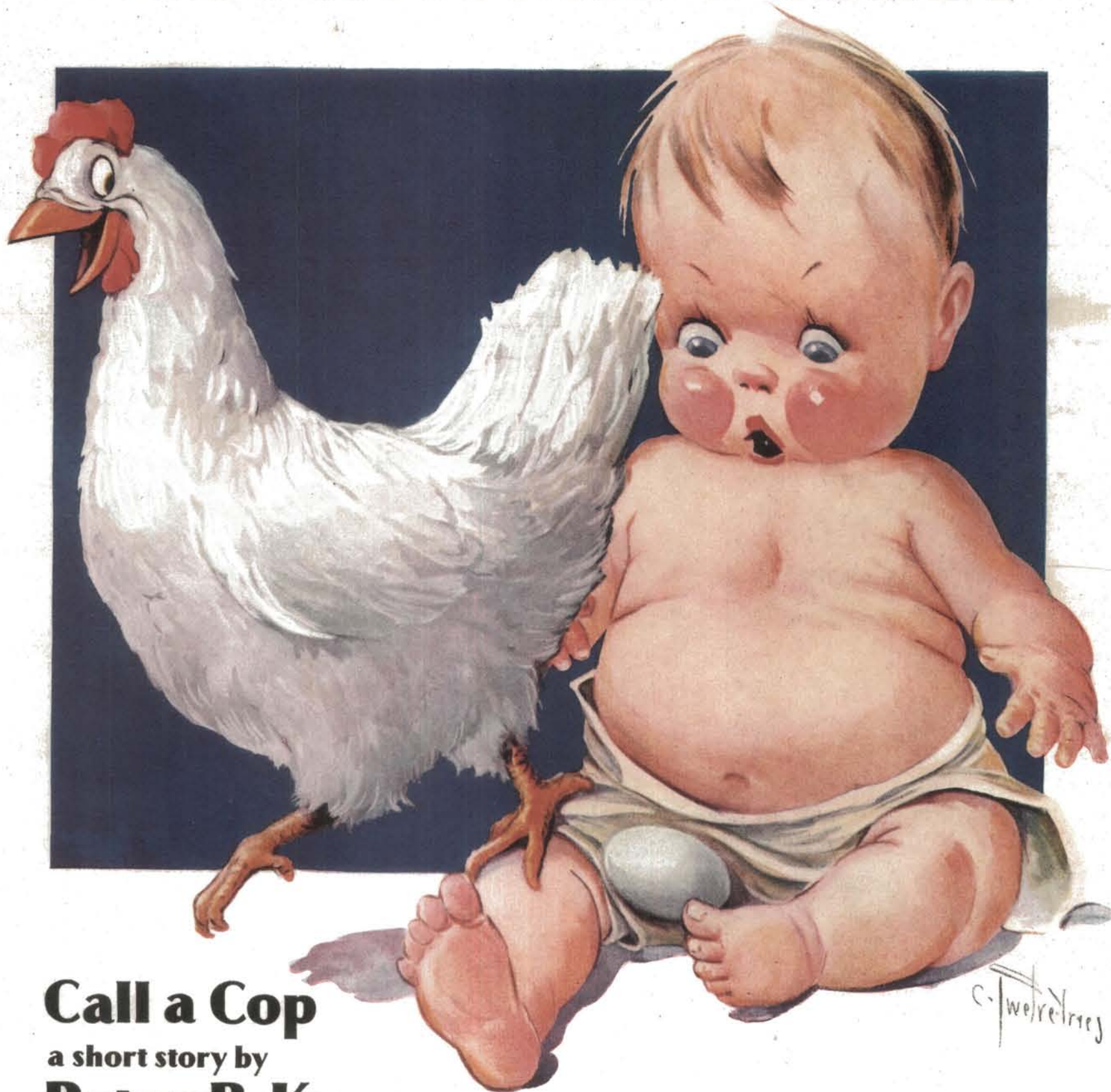
August 25, 1934

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Call a Cop
a short story by
Peter B. Kyne

More than 2,250,000 Circulation

AUGUST 25, 1934

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A man can go into the poultry business with \$3 capital—something to remember when you buy tooth paste. Use Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of costlier brands.



(Above) Those permanent teeth need twice-a-day brushing with Listerine Tooth Paste from the day they appear.

(Left) Here's a whole armful of useful things, and they cost less than the money Listerine Tooth Paste saves.

"IT TASTES SWELL", says young America



Baby teeth kept white and sound are the best assurance of dental health in later years. Start the children early with a dentifrice they like.



Getting children to brush teeth ceases to be a problem . . . and this modern dentifrice saves you 25¢ a tube



Start children early—mother—with a dentifrice they like—one from which they get results without too much brushing!

Maybe you think your child's temporary teeth aren't important. They are! Facial appearance, digestion, freedom from toothaches . . . may depend on the care given that first set of teeth.

Listerine Tooth Paste has become the dentifrice of more than two million children because it has one of those simple, honest flavors children like. Grown-ups, also, like it for that reason!

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Your mouth has a sensation of refreshment and invigoration—the same pleasant effect you associate with Listerine itself.

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Try this modern dentifrice. Buy it for the children. Learn why so many mil-

lions of persons have dropped more expensive brands for this. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



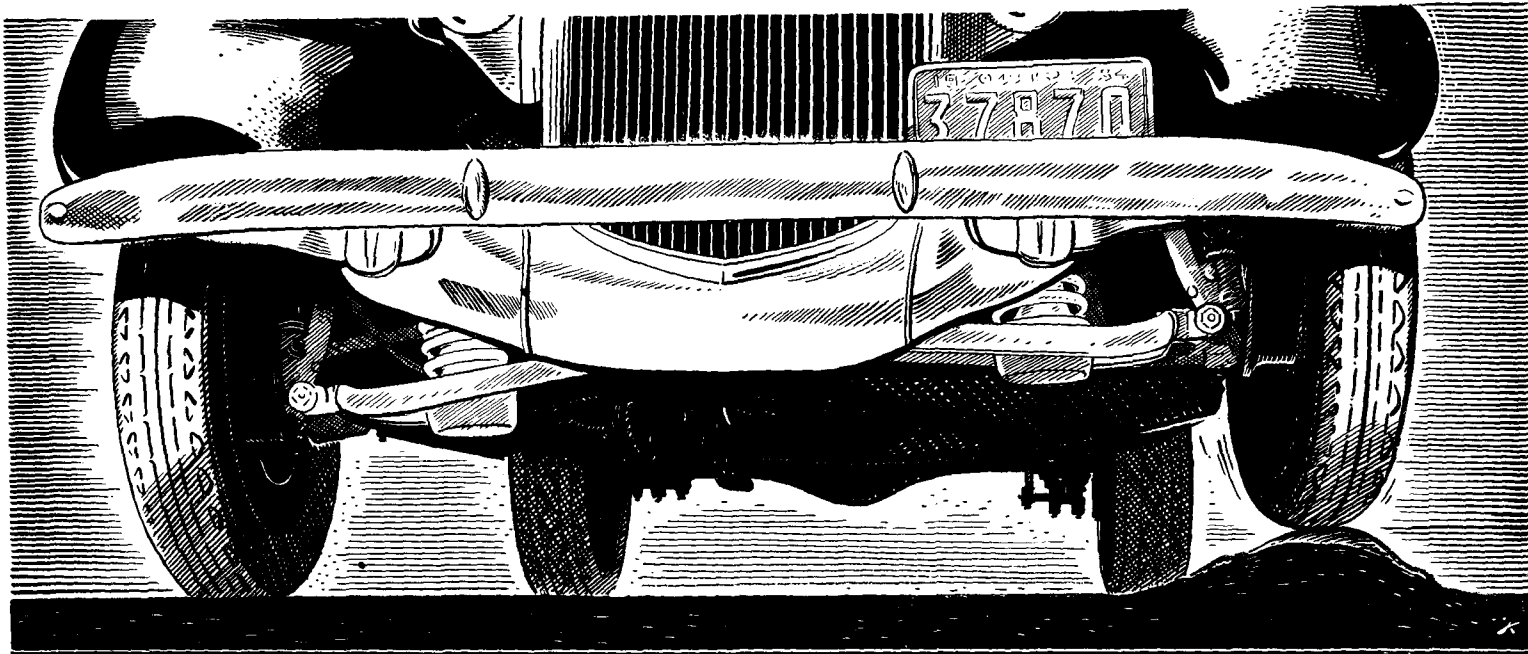
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

EARLY in 1932 T. R. Ybarra, acting as Collier's reporter, called on a man in Munich named Adolf Hitler. Without any modesty, false or otherwise, Herr Hitler explained that he was soon to become a power in Germany and he told Mr. Ybarra what he proposed to do then.

Some years before that, Mr. Ybarra had known an Italian named Mussolini who had likewise confided in him. Mr. Ybarra thus became an expert on dictators.

Far be it from us to suggest that all a young dictator has to do to insure his success is to sit down and chat with Mr. Ybarra. That would be too much responsibility even for a Collier's reporter. But when you read "England's Hitler" you will know that its author can tell a dictator when he sees one. This aspirant, by the way, has a name of his own—Sir Oswald Mosley.

IT'S hard for an ambitious girl to be in love with a man who doesn't give a tinker's dam whether he ever amounts to anything or not. Take Hester Corcoran, for instance—old Judge Corcoran's daughter. She had been in love for years with Sam Blaney, and Sam was perfectly content to be a reporter in Midland City. Seemed to like it, in fact.

She wanted him to write fiction, but he couldn't do it. He tried to do a play and got halfway through the first act. Then the governor appointed him senator to fill an unexpired term. But do you think he took it? Frederick Hazlitt Brennan writes the story.

THE tides that race in and out of the harbor of Eastport, Maine, are high-pressure tides, million-horsepower tides. About twenty-five years ago a young New York State senator saw and noted them. When he became President he remembered. So that the tides of Eastport are now going to turn wheels. It's part of a new stage of the New Deal. Ray Tucker furnishes the particulars.

FOR twenty years Mr. Binney had been a missionary in China and during that time nothing had moved him so much as a certain occurrence on the Yenching Road. Two beautiful and brilliant ladies smiled at him—radiantly. It made a change in Mr. Binney that not even subsequent information about the character of "The Beautiful Ladies" could efface. Pearl S. Buck tells you about it.

BRUCE HUTCHISON, Quentin Reynolds, Roark Bradford, Ray Tucker, Freling Foster and others contribute stories and articles. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Kathleen Norris continue to spellbind us and you with their serials. Will you come along quietly?

This Week

August 25, 1934

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EDITORIAL

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Any Week

BEFORE we do anything else we have to say a few sharp words to Percy Henry of Toronto, Canada. For years Mr. Henry, by his own admission, has been writing letters to editors, working off his just indignation. But he never mailed them, his excuse being that he was afraid he wouldn't see his views in print.

But Webb Miller's article, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," hit Mr. Henry in a tender spot and made him break his rule. Mr. Henry's home town is London. "I have frequently admitted," he writes, "the superior excellencies of American air travel, central heating, cafeterias, climate, doughnuts, geniality, hotels, home refrigeration and many other phenomena of the American scene. I had, nevertheless, reserved a few points in favor of Europe and, heading this list, was London tailoring. Now along comes Mr. Miller to rob me of this last small crumb of comfort!"

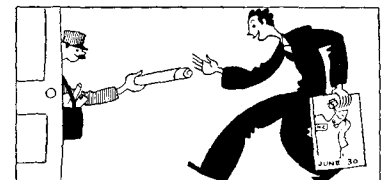
Nor does Mr. Henry stop there. "Unlike some Americans who denounce the U. S. with great gusto and continue to live there, Mr. Miller expresses his just admiration—and promptly legs it back to poor old Europe. What is wrong with this picture?" Which strikes us as an odd question from a loyal Londoner living in Toronto.



E. LYLE DAVENPORT of Lowell, Michigan, tearfully comments on the same article. Mr. Miller, you recall, deplored "the ungraceful postures and movements" of our baseball players. "Won't you please," begs Mr. Davenport, "bring pressure to bear on Mike Cochrane to trade Goslin and Gehringer for a couple of interpretive dancers and a Japanese juggler?"

DR. E. H. FORD of Knoxville, Tennessee, is tired of "the Socialistic form of government" that has produced the TVA. He looks forward with satisfaction to the day "when the Democrats of this section will get back into power, and the welfare of the people of the United States will be safeguarded by the leadership of Southern Statesmen." But what tires him even more is the statement in Walter Davenport's article, "There'll Be Shouting in the Valley," that there are persons living around the city of Norris who eat with a jack-knife out of the pot. Someone, Dr. Ford believes, has been stringing Mr. Davenport.

FROM Siloam Springs, Arkansas, Mrs. A. L. Holland writes to say that she considers W. B. Courtney's article, "The Fair Digs In," positively wicked. You see, Mrs. Holland is "almost a nervous wreck from wanting to go more than I ever wanted anything in my life. And after reading that article I'm burning up!" As soon as she can arrange transportation she will be on her way. Meanwhile she instructs us to have Mr. Courtney "write several more, in more complete detail, with lots of pictures."



OUR cover policy comes in for severe condemnation by S. K. Yarbrough of Guntersville, Alabama. He is disappointed and resentful. After showing him the outside of the gate to a nudist colony on our issue of June 30th we passed on, inconsequentially, to a soldier on the cover for July 7th. Mr. Yarbrough reasonably expected us to throw wide the gates. But he forgives us on the strength of the good advice contained in our editorial, "Don't Play Cards with Strangers."

JUST to prove that he knows good reading when he sees it, M. W. Graves of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, writes to tell us that he has read Collier's for more years than he cares to admit and has never criticized once. Now he has a request to make: "Let's have something like 'Shanty Up' by Kyle Crichton in every issue."

WE COULDN'T fool Denis Favant of Los Angeles, California—not that we'd try, of course. When we published in the issue of June 30th a cartoon by Bill Holman showing a steam-shovel operator taking a bow, Mr. Favant spotted the scene of the excavation as Wilshire Boulevard. "Collier's came out yesterday," he writes, "and today the men were at work as shown by Mr. Holman! People gaped, gathered about by the dozen. I must have counted fifty, when a sudden thought compelled me to desist and look for the cat. I didn't see her, but no doubt she was behind some piece of machinery nursing her tail." And here he pauses to rebuke us for showing a California cat with a bandaged tail. "Our cats, like us," he boasts, "are healthy. Anyhow, you just have your finger tips on things all over the country, haven't you?"

WE TRY, Mr. Favant, we try.

Vol. 94, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Country Home. Copyright, 1934, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage

for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, \$2.00 a year, \$3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add \$2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: \$4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. \$5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

The Heart Disease Paradox

In this country more cases of heart disease are being prevented each year — yet more deaths are charged to the heart than ever before.

DESPITE seeming contradiction, those are the facts. Better protection of children against diseases which are often followed by heart trouble means that fewer young hearts are being exposed to injury. Better treatment of hearts temporarily damaged by the "poisons" of acute infections often prevents such damage from becoming permanent. Better control of venereal and other diseases that damage hearts has been another important factor in reducing the deathrate from heart disease at all ages up to 45 years.

* * * * *

You can help to prevent heart disease in your home by having your children immunized against diphtheria and by protecting them, so far as possible, against other heart damaging diseases, such as sore throats, repeated colds, acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles and typhoid fever.

Should they have any of these diseases, see that your doctor's orders are strictly obeyed, so that injured hearts may not result. Especially follow his instructions as to how long the child is to be kept in bed. Rest is an important part of the treatment for "poisoned" hearts during and following any acute infection.

Annual health examinations offer a further



opportunity to control heart disease. In middle-aged people heart disease frequently results from chronic or focal infections in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or in other parts of the body.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph to determine the condition of your heart. He can see whether or not it is showing the effects of wear and tear long before it actually breaks down. If necessary, your doctor will advise changes in habits of work and rest, food and drink, or the correction of impairments.

Far from being cause for alarm, the mounting deathrate from heart disease at the older ages is encouraging evidence that needless deaths in childhood, youth and middle age are being prevented. Many of the deaths of older people ascribed to heart disease are really due to heart failure — just the natural, peaceful ending of a long life.

* * * * *

More than half the readers of this page, who are about 35 years old, will pass the age of 70; and one out of five will outlive fourscore years. Many a man is adding years to his life and is enjoying what is literally a new lease of life by taking care of his heart and by making intelligent changes in his living habits.

Send for Metropolitan's free booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance." Address Booklet Dept. 934-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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A Freshness . . . a Vividness that only PHILCO can give!

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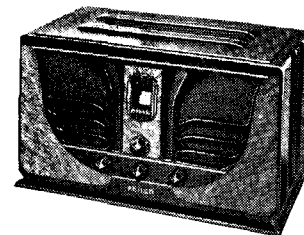
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PHILCO REPLACEMENT
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Rich girl's problem: suitors galore, but which really loves her—if any? Miss Cornelia Fraser was worth twenty million dollars. But she knew when to—

Call a Cop

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

MISS CORNELIA FRASER was thirty years old, but did not look it; her beauty was of the dark, flashing, Gaelic type and she possessed, too, the keen intelligence of the Gael. She was five feet six inches tall and a perfect thirty-six; her figure was regal. She was an expert horse-woman, played a dashing game of tennis and her golf score on any course was always in the low eighties. She had hosts of men admirers, but at thirty she was unmarried—for two reasons: No man had ever asked her to marry him and she had not, to date, met any man she desired to marry. This is a fate not infrequently reserved for ultra-intellectual women. Such women inculcate in their intellectual inferiors of the opposite sex an inferiority complex.

In all probability, had Miss Cornelia been the clinging-vine type, any number of male idiots would have made mad love to her. But she wasn't; she was, in fact, a very cool, good-natured, competent, humorous person who always knew what she wanted and was averse to accepting substitutes. Men clamored for her friendship but married brainless darlings who dealt exclusively in sex appeal. Thereafter they liked to drop in to Cornelia's drawing-room about five for a cocktail and a crumb of intellectual comfort.

For a long time nobody in San Francisco knew very much about Cornelia. Following an attack of pneumonia in the autumn, she had come from Detroit to escape the long, cold winter, bringing with her letters to three socially prominent dowagers. Her credentials proved impeccable, and she had been taken up at once and, yielding presently to the charm of the city by the Golden Gate, resolved to remain there. She had purchased a delightful but far from costly home in St. Francis Wood, where she dwelt simply and in good taste, her house staff consisting of a butler and his wife, who did the cooking, a housemaid, a personal maid and a chauffeur. Her modest lawn and garden were cared for by a Japanese who came twice a week.

It was assumed that Cornelia had a competency, the income from which enabled her to live an ideally comfortable life and travel whenever she felt the urge, but it was not until three years after her arrival in San Francisco that, due to a newspaper story having to do

with her income-tax troubles, it was learned that Cornelia was worth not less than twenty million dollars.

Within a week Cornelia had three offers of marriage, which tended slightly to sour her sweet disposition and, as the offers continued to come, she made up her mind she would live and die a spinster rather than purchase a husband in the open market. From which it must be inferred that Cornelia had in her a broad streak of idealism.

One day a police prowler car stopped in front of Cornelia's house and a policeman stepped out. From the window of her upstairs sitting-room Cornelia saw him alight, throw up his head and appraise the house. "He's casing the joint," thought Cornelia, who was an avid reader of the detective magazines which have flooded our country of recent years and, in consequence of her reading, was tolerably familiar with the argot of the underworld. "Good gracious, what a handsome big brute he is, for all his fighting features! If I were a gangster I'd hate to meet that man in an alley."

SHE heard her front doorbell ring; a few moments later her maid came up to announce that there was a policeman at the door wishful to sell her as many tickets as she could afford for the Grand Annual Policemen's Ball for the benefit of the widows and orphans of police officers who had been killed in the line of duty.

"Send the officer up, Marie," Miss Cornelia directed—and wondered why. In other years she had been wont to send twenty dollars down to the officer who called.

The officer entered, paused, came to attention very easily and naturally and, with his cap clasped against his heart, made her a singularly graceful bow. "I am Officer Jeremiah Hickey, attached to the Taraval station, Miss Fraser. You have been kind enough to subscribe for twenty tickets in previous years and we police fellows are not the sort to forget that one good turn is likely to produce another."

He smiled—and Cornelia's heart skipped a beat. The fine, strong, even white teeth of the big bruiser. And the clear, reddish brown complexion of him. And the thick, wavy, jet-black hair of him. And his air of ease and perfect equality. And the lathy six foot three of



Instantly, from back of the door, a very soft feminine voice said, "Come all the way in, brother"

him, with the broad shoulders and the surprisingly slim waist and broad, powerful hips! "This officer," Cornelia decided, "is certainly not a common man. I wonder what reverse of fortunes landed him in the police department. I wish I might dare ask him."

To her subsequent chagrin forthwith she asked him!

"The depression, Miss Fraser. What a blessing that we defeated ones have the depression to blame for our failure to retain our station in another world. I had a good position up until two years ago—assistant general salesmanager for a very large oil company. One day the vice president accused me of favoritism to certain customers. It was true that I had made them special prices, but their trade merited it. I explained that. He asked me if it wasn't true that I was receiving a private rebate from these favored customers and—"

"And you socked him," Cornelia breathed.

"HOW did you know?" he queried in his surprisingly soft and gentle voice.

"I would have been very much disappointed in you if you hadn't, Officer Hickey. So they discharged you without recommendation and you lost all the money you had saved in the stock market, until, finally, in reduced circumstances, you remembered you were Irish and had a body to sell, so you took the examinations and became a copper."

He nodded.

"Where were you educated?"

"At Notre Dame."

"Naturally. They have a football team known as The Irish."

"Quite so. The last year I played center I helped win games with the aid of some Jews, Bohunks and Italians."

Miss Cornelia laughed, a sort of loose, uncontrolled, merry laugh and not remotely reminiscent of her customary polite cachinnation. "Do be seated, Officer Hickey, while I write you a check."

"Thank you." He handed her twenty tickets; Cornelia departed to her library and returned presently with a check for five thousand dollars. Officer Hickey "cased" the check and said very soberly, "I'm check-shocked."

Cornelia rang for her butler and ordered a highball.

"How many children have you, Officer, and how old are they?" she queried artlessly.

"Not any. Not even married. Never was. Never had time. Had an old mother to take care of. She died last month."

"I'm sorry. Are you going to attend this Policemen's Ball?"

"I am, although it seems a trifle disrespectful to Mother's memory. The chief has ordered me to lead the Grand March."

So he was the Adonis of the police department! What a discerning chief! "I have never been to a Policemen's Ball," she murmured with just a faint shade of regret in her mellow voice.

"People in your world do not attend them."

"Nevertheless, I think I shall attend this one if I can induce some gentleman to squire me."

"How would you," queried Jeremiah Hickey, "like to lead the Grand March with me?"

"How very kind of you to invite me. I'd be delighted."

"You do me great honor to accept, and I have the nerve of a lion tamer to ask you. It occurred to me, however, that it might provide you with a new thrill. . . . The chief will probably call in person to thank you for this generous check. Meanwhile, as his representative, I thank you. I'll ask him to give you a card addressed to all officers. Keep it in your car and if you're hauled up for traffic violation, show it to the arresting officer and he'll not write the tag. Have you a permit to carry a gun?"

"Heavens, no. Why should I carry a gun?"

"The names and addresses of those who receive considerable publicity touching their quick assets very frequently go into the filing indices of crooks. Your home may be burglarized now and if you had a gun and knew how to use it you might save the life of a police officer. Can you shoot a pistol?"

"Of course."

"Good! I'll attend to the permit and the guns, Miss Fraser. By the way, Officer Heinz and I rove this district in a prowler car. Hereafter we'll drop by your home frequently and keep an alert eye on it."

He finished his drink. "Thanks for the sustenance, Miss Fraser. Well, I must be on my way. See you here at eight o'clock sharp, next Saturday night."

CORNELIA attended the Policemen's Ball and led the Grand March with Jeremiah Hickey and he was gorgeous in his own dress suit. Cornelia readily could see it wasn't a rented one. He danced divinely, he introduced her to everybody worth while and she had to undergo flashlight photography from four newspaper photographers and be interviewed by four queer females who covered the society columns. And there was a very pretty ceremony at midnight, when the president of the police commission made a speech and presented Cornelia with the gold star of an honorary officer of the police department; the chief gave her a vulcanized rubber billy and Jeremiah Hickey whispered: "I've got the guns and the permits in my pocket but I'll present them after I see you home."

Cornelia couldn't remember having had a nicer evening.

Officer Hickey rode home with her after the ball and she asked him in for a glass of champagne and a sandwich. And he presented her with two pistols—one the regular police thirty-eight model, with a pearl butt bearing her initials inlaid in gold and reposing in the customary police department holster. The other was a pearl-handled, gold-inlaid .25 caliber, seven shot, rather flat Spanish automatic, with a barrel about two inches long. It reposed in an open holster, with a buckled strap attached; on the side of the holster was a cunning little pocket in which reposed an extra clip filled with cartridges.

"But this strap will not go around my waist," Cornelia objected.

"It wasn't intended it should, Miss Fraser; if you will pardon my bluntness, it was my idea that this should be a concealed weapon and buckle around your leg just below the knee. Suppose you're held up some night. The hist man takes what you've got, warns you to remain quietly where you are and walks away. Of course he's frisked your pockets for a gun, although he doesn't believe you have one. As he walks off you reach down, pull this little equalizer and let him have it." He was nice enough to blush. "I have never heard of any thug searching a lady's—limb—for a gun."

"THAT is a splendid idea, Mr. Hickey.

I shall wear this little equalizer, as you call it, when I go out nights. Sometimes one comes home and surprises burglars in the house. My chauffeur can carry the regular police model in the pocket of the car up front, and between us we'll be very formidable."

"Yes, but if you find burglars in the house send him in first," he entreated. "A chauffeur would be no loss to the Police Department."

He instructed her in the use of both weapons and departed. He hadn't asked the privilege of calling and she knew he would not call until he had a sound excuse—the next annual ball, for example. Yes, it was a closed incident. But . . .

She waited a month, then on a Thursday night (Thursday was her servants' day out) she grew desperate. So she telephoned the Taraval police station and related an apocryphal tale about two drunks in an automobile in front of her house quarreling and using terrible language. And presently two strange policemen arrived.

"So sorry," said Cornelia from her doorway. "They went away a moment after I called you."

"Which way did they go, ma'am?"

"I really do not know. I'm so sorry to have sent you on a futile errand. Will you not step in and have a glass of champagne?"

The worthy pair would, naturally.

"I was under the impression," Cornelia observed carelessly, as she served them, "that Officers Hickey and Heinz patrolled this district."

"They do," came the answer, "but this is their night off."

"I have often wondered," said Cornelia, "what policemen do on their days off."

"Hickey goes fishing, ma'am. He's a nut on fishing for striped bass."

Cornelia reflected that the recalcitrant Hickey might have had the decency, ere this, to have faked an excuse to call. He might have brought her a striped bass. She wept a little after her visitors had gone and was not quite certain she didn't dislike Officer Hickey exceedingly.

MANNIE MENDELBAUM was a perfected product of the late unlamented Eighteenth Amendment. He had made a great deal of money in the liquor business. He had lived well and spent freely and in 1929 was paying much more attention to his paper profits in the stock market than to his actual profits in illegal liquor.

When the crash came Mr. Mendelbaum was no longer a power in the California underworld; and in 1933 he had nothing to show for his thirteen years of criminal activity and the millions he had made save about five thousand dollars and a number of indictments hanging over him and his three trusted lieutenants.

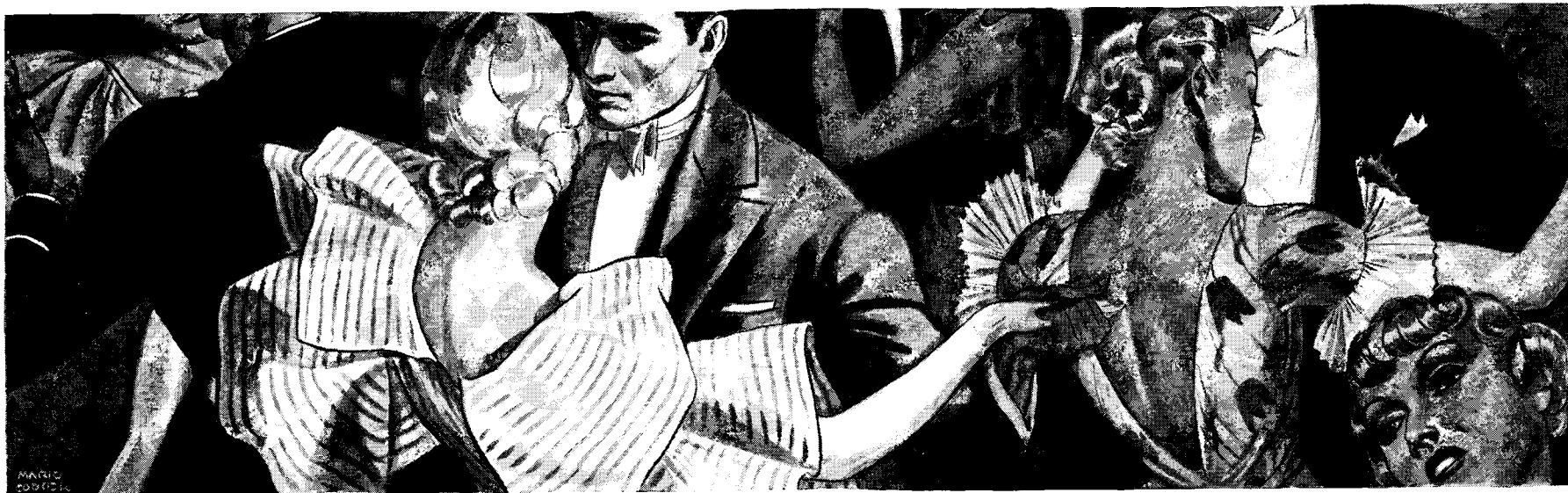
He was greatly worried. When he had money to burn, indictments did not worry him, but in his present extremity his case was desperate, for the code of his calling indicated that he must drag his lieutenants out from under those indictments, else one of the rats might confess, under promise of immunity. It was apparent to Mr. Mendelbaum, therefore, that he had to have a very great deal of money in a very short time—so he decided to kidnap somebody and hold his victim for a huge ransom. Mr. Mendelbaum had never indulged in what his world called "snatching" and he had the utmost contempt for those who indulged in this form of enterprise, but—needs must when the devil drives. Other men were in that racket and making scads of money out of it; what other men could do successfully, he, Mannie Mendelbaum, could do. Particularly when he had to.

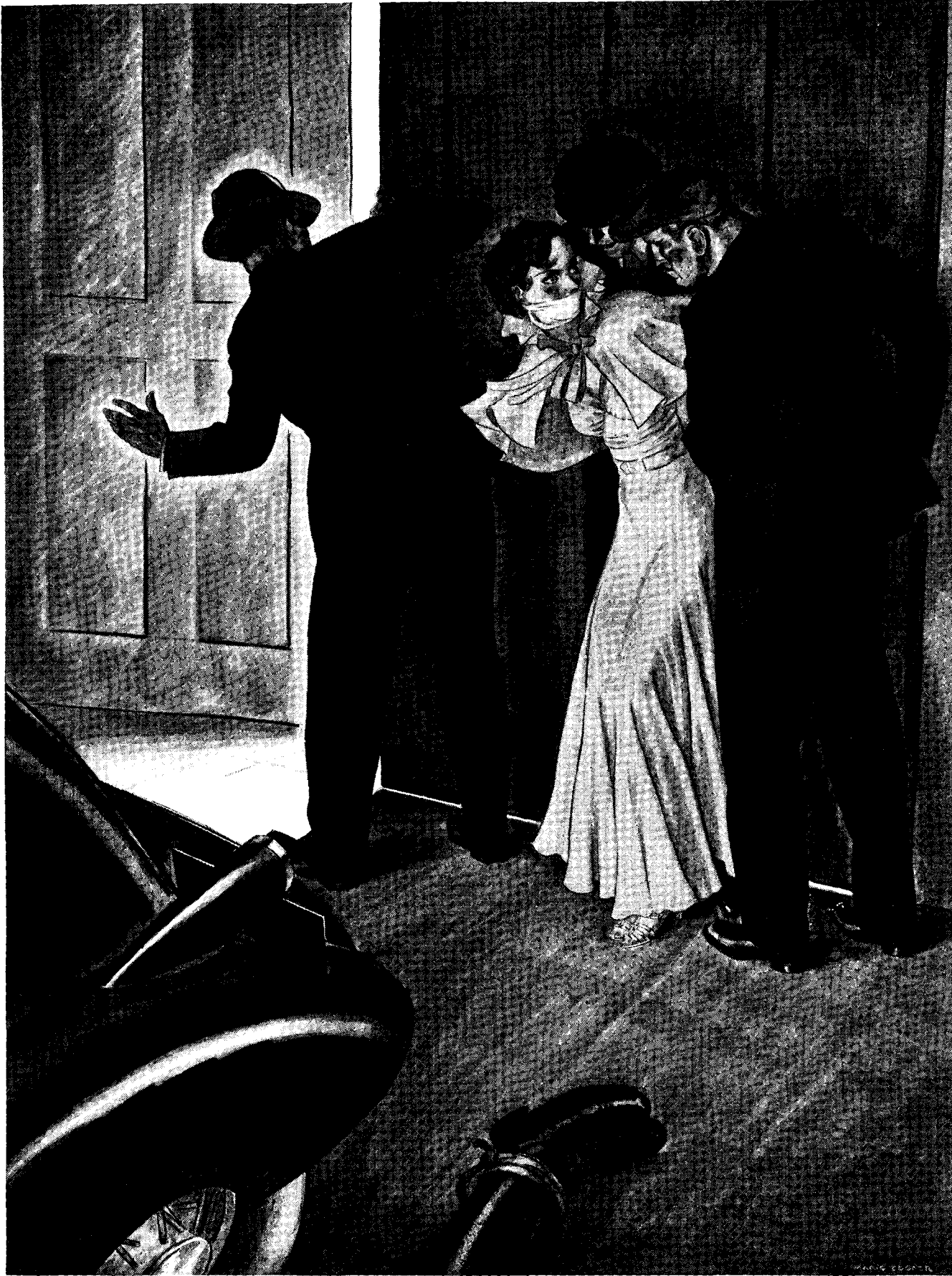
"Who," said he to Mr. Piggy O'Kane, his most ruthless and dependable "trigger" man, "is the richest man in San Francisco?"

"I dunno," said Piggy, "but I can tell you the richest woman in San Francisco—prob'ly the richest in the state. Miss Cornelia Fraser."

"How do you know?"

Mr. O'Kane explained how he knew. Said Mr. Mendelbaum thoughtfully: "It wouldn't be a bad idea to snatch that jane."





Piggy O'Kane peered out, saw that the coast was clear, and motioned his companions

Mr. O'Kane, who could see the rosy dawn of repeal on the horizon and realized that the liquor racket was doomed, and realized, too, the necessities of his state, thought it a very good idea, indeed, and proffered his services for a reasonable percentage of the proceeds. "We'll need more help," Mr. Mendelbaum suggested, and presently broached the subject to his other lieutenants—Dutch Riley and Mario Cassenelli, who considered the enterprise a very rosy one, indeed, and pledged their sincere coöperation.

PIGGY O'KANE was detailed to "case" Miss Fraser's home and her habits. He reported back that the snatching could be accomplished with singular ease. Miss Fraser's home stood on a

slight knoll. Space for her garage had been secured by cutting into this knoll; the car entered the garage on a level with the sidewalk, and a door, in the rear of the garage, gave on a flight of four steps which led up to a brick walk to the rear of the house through a vine-covered and latticed arbor. Seated on guard in his coupé across the street Mr. O'Kane had observed Miss Fraser's car roll up to the garage; the chauffeur had opened the door and turned on the electric light from a switch at the right of the door. Miss Fraser had then gotten out of the car and disappeared through the rear door into the arbor. Evidently she chose this route to avoid climbing the twenty steps that led up to her front door from the sidewalk.

Although he had selected his victim

and assured himself that the task of kidnapping her presented no risk, Mr. Mendelbaum was unable to proceed until he could secure a perfect hiding place for Miss Fraser and her keepers until the ransom should be paid. The radio, telephone and telegraph, plus the police teletype system and the state highway police, were all obstacles he had to hurdle. Automobiles are traced by their license plates. A lonely, deserted ranch house or a cabin in the fir and redwood forests to the north of San Francisco would not do, because, to get there, they would have to traverse the highways—and the highways were much too dangerous. Moreover, once the hue and cry should be on, inquisitive citizens, spurred to action by the promise of a liberal reward, would be bound to investigate

every possible hide-out in their vicinity, particularly if they found automobile tracks leading into one of them.

It was imperative, therefore, that Miss Fraser must be kidnapped at night and delivered to the hide-out in such a manner as to leave not the slightest trace of her going; it was equally imperative, also, that during the negotiations for the ransom Mannie Mendelbaum should be free to come and go from the hide-out without exciting the slightest suspicion, without being seen.

At the end of a week Mendelbaum had secured his hide-out. Simultaneously, Piggy O'Kane, who had been reading the society columns of the local paper, was informed that a certain dowager was entertaining at dinner the following Wednesday and that among the guests was Miss Cornelia Fraser.

"We'll snatch her when she gets home from that party," Mr. Mendelbaum decided.

AT SEVEN o'clock Piggy O'Kane, parked in a car across the street from Miss Fraser's home, observed the doors of her garage opened from the inside by her chauffeur, who then climbed into the car, started the motor, switched on the headlights, backed out and drew up in front of the house. A few minutes later Miss Fraser came down the front steps and entered the car. Piggy O'Kane trailed the car to a house on Presidio Heights, then returned downtown and picked up Mario Cassenelli and Dutch Riley. About eleven o'clock they returned to Miss Fraser's garage, forced the spring lock from the outside, entered and closed the door behind them. Mario and Dutch then waited on the stairway leading from the garage to the arbor, while Piggy waited in the gang car across the street.

At eleven-thirty o'clock the garage door was opened from outside and the chauffeur switched on the light, drove the car in, got out and opened the door for his mistress, who bade him a pleasant good night and disappeared through the rear door. As it closed behind her Mr. O'Kane entered the garage on velvet feet and very neatly sandbagged the chauffeur, closed the garage door and was tying him hand and foot and about to paste a broad strip of adhesive tape over the man's mouth, when the rear door opened and Cornelia, gagged and with her hands handcuffed behind her, was carried down the two steps into the garage.

PIGGY O'KANE finished his task, opened the door of the garage, peered out, saw that the coast was clear and motioned his companions to escort Miss Fraser across the street to the gang car. She entered it silently and without any resistance. Mr. Cassenelli drew the curtains and he and Mr. Riley entered and sat down beside her, while Piggy O'Kane, donning a chauffeur's cap and overcoat, took the wheel.

As they rolled rapidly away Mr. Riley expertly taped Miss Fraser's eyes. Presently the car stopped. "We get out here," Mr. Cassenelli murmured. Cornelia noted that they alighted on a sidewalk, crossed it and stepped on grass; presently, by the hollow sound of their footsteps, she realized they were walking across a short bridge. "Steady," Mr. Riley warned, "you're walkin' down a cleated runway to a boat. Be careful or you'll fall in the drink."

Cornelia Fraser was kidnapped about midnight on Tuesday. That morning Officer Jeremiah Hickey had left San Francisco on his annual vacation of two weeks, planning to spend the entire period fishing for striped bass in the brackish waters of the sloughs adjacent to the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers.

(Continued on page 46)

How We Carry Liquor

Englishmen have learned a lot about drinking and keeping sober. Winston Churchill, famous statesman, acting as a reporter for Collier's, gives the prescription. Perhaps we can use it

By Winston Churchill

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE story of wine is the story of human culture. From the dim, legendary days when Osiris, reigning on earth as a king, taught the ancient Egyptians to cultivate wheat and barley, to train the vine, and to tread the purple grapes in the wine press, we find in the use of intoxicants one of the distinguishing marks of the higher types and races of humanity. Throughout the world corn and wine have gone together as at once the agents and the symbols of civilization, and their mystic significance is still recognized today in the most solemn and sacred rite of the Christian religion.

Conversely, the prohibition of alcohol has ever been associated with regressive and destructive forces. The most famous Volstead law in history was that of Mohammed, whose followers sought to overwhelm the Western world in blood and fire and to make of Europe an Asiatic colony. Buddhist asceticism, which renounced wine as it did all else that was lovely, gracious and comfortable, set before mankind as its loftiest ideal the sterile "Nirvana" that was eternal nothingness, and preached the will to universal death.

In our own day prohibition was enforced throughout Russia, at least for a time, by Lenin. In America it was imposed upon a reluctant nation by a sinister combination of bigotry and graft, and the hideous spawn of organized crime sprang up and flourished in its shadow.

I am not surprised, therefore, that the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed as alien to the genius of a virile, progressive and freedom-loving people. Neither am I surprised that, in the final campaign against prohibition, women were in the forefront of the battle. The creeds and sects which have sought to abolish alcohol have also been the enemies of womanhood. To the Mohammedans, woman was a creature without a soul, useful only as an instrument of pleasure and a vehicle of procreation; the Buddhist spurned the sanctities of home and the delights of love as hindrances to the one great purpose of ultimate extinction; the Communist admitted no relation between the sexes save the purely animal embrace that was the satisfaction of a brief and brutal lust. Nor could the wives and mothers of America regard without detestation and disgust the strange and twisted morality that was willing to accept racketeering and murder, gang rule and the kidnapping of little children, as the price of prohibition.

But repeal brings new problems in its train. A modern state cannot leave the manufacture and sale of liquor to the free play of unrestricted competition. In the interest both of the nation and of the individual there must be a measure of control, and this should be universal in its application. Liquor laws which vary from place to place within a single community are a source of endless difficulty and friction.

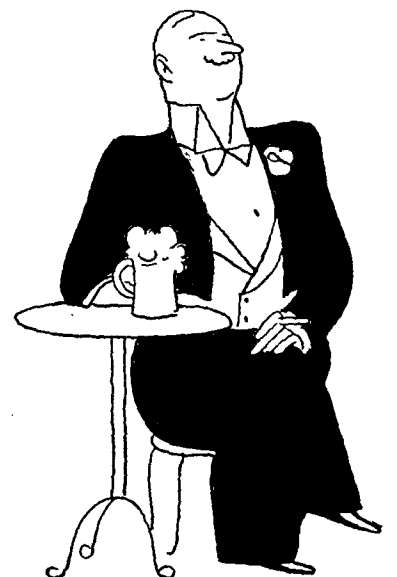
At the present moment each of the states of the Union decides its own methods of regulation. Some states still remain "dry"; some are "wet"; others are trying to strike an uneasy balance between individual liberty of choice and pussyfoot interference. The disadvantages of this multiplicity of methods are obvious. So long as any state is "dry," or even partially "dry," the bootlegger can still find a market, and the task of cleaning up corrupt and gang-ridden municipalities is made a hundred times more difficult.

Three Objects of Liquor Control

Can a nation-wide control be established, and what form should it take? I am confident that the robust common sense of the great American people will resolve the present confusion and secure a unified system of liquor laws throughout the whole country. Legis-



Cocktails are invariably less pleasant than their separate ingredients



lation should, in my opinion, be directed to three main objects: To give reasonable freedom to individuals. To encourage true temperance. To provide revenue for the state and federal treasuries which will enable other taxes to be reduced.

Personally, I believe that much variety and innocent enjoyment is banished from life when alcohol is prohibited. Spirits, as well as wines and beers, have their place and their uses, though I deprecate the combination of different liquors in cocktails, which are invariably less pleasant than their separate ingredients and which destroy our capacity to appreciate the nobler beverages that may follow them. But we can no longer regard alcoholic excess with the same careless tolerance that was possible to our ancestors. In a mechanical age, when millions earn their bread by the boredom of repetitive movement rather than by the sweat of their brow, and men are increasingly herded together in giant cities, intemperance assumes a new aspect.

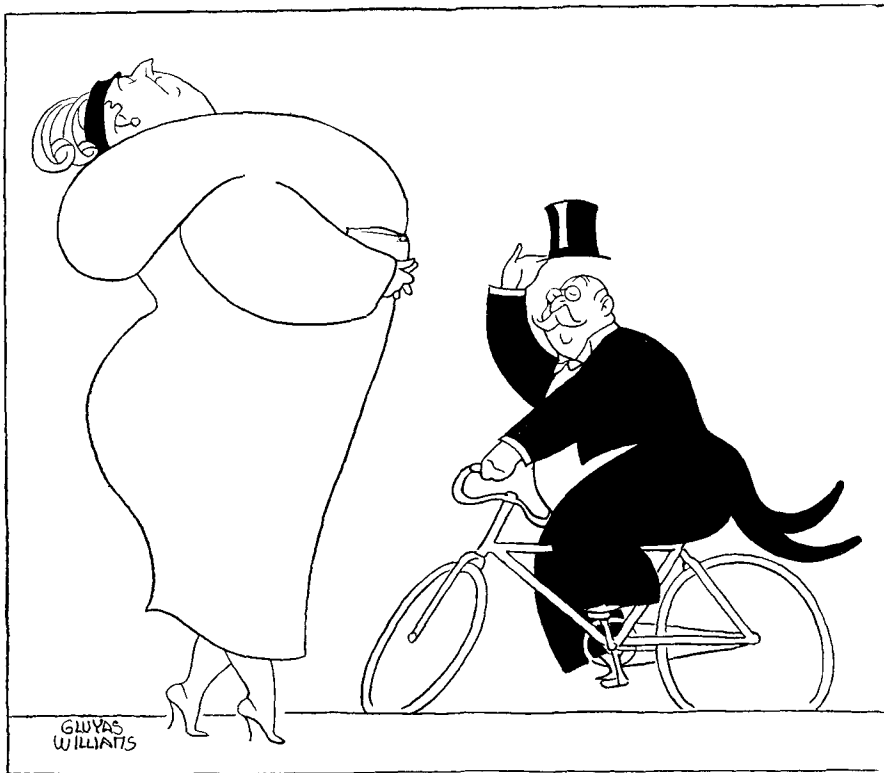
The factory hand—and, indeed, the city dweller generally—breathes habitually a vitiated air; he lives in unnatural conditions; he has not the physical resources of those who lead active, vigorous, outdoor lives. The effects of alcoholic excess are likely to be far graver in his case than in that, say, of

the cowboy and the lumberman, who have, moreover, this further advantage that long periods of complete abstinence may precede and follow their occasional overindulgence. The repercussions of drunkenness on public safety and public morals must also be taken into account. An intoxicated man is a menace in an age of swift-moving motor transport, and women and children must be protected from molestation.

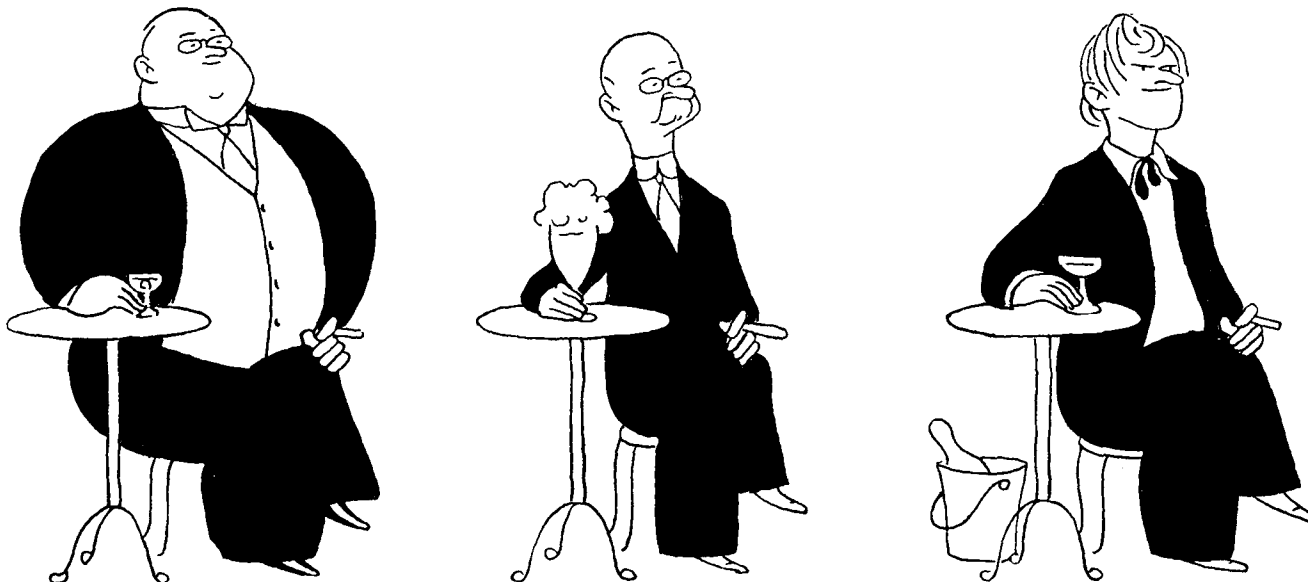
Where Control Always Fails

Any method of liquor control must have regard for these factors. But they do not constitute a case for prohibition. That certain individuals drink to excess does not entitle us to deny the healthy and innocent pleasure of a moderate and reasonable use of alcohol to the millions who would not abuse the privilege.

Some of the states of the Union are, I understand, experimenting with systems of individual permits to consumers, which will enable discrimination to be practiced in cases where the ability to purchase alcohol produces undesirable effects. For instance, in Montana, a permit may be canceled if its holder "by excessive drinking misspends, wastes or lessens his estate, injures his health, or endangers the peace and happiness of his family."



The change in habits has been accompanied by a change of public opinion



We find in the use of intoxicants one of the distinguishing marks of the higher types and races of humanity

But it is by no means certain that the person whose permit is thus taken away will stop drinking. He may buy liquor from a bootlegger and so obtain something much more likely to injure his health and endanger the peace and happiness of his family than if he were still free to patronize the state store. Or he may induce an acquaintance who possesses a permit, to resell, at a premium, some of his purchases; in which case the drain on his estate will be greater rather than less.

The English system of control is, I believe, superior to any of those elaborate but inconclusive methods. It does, in fact, combine reasonable freedom for individuals with the encouragement of true temperance and the provision of revenue.

You can obtain any alcoholic beverage, in as large quantities as you desire, from a licensed liquor store in England and consume it, as and when you please, in your own home. You can enter an English public house, during the hours at which the local regulations allow it to sell intoxicants, and buy what you like there. Or you can do the same at a club if you happen to be a member.

And you will have no difficulty in obtaining any sort of drink with a meal at a licensed hotel or restaurant, so long, again, as it is within the permitted hours. If you are a guest at a hotel, you can get a drink at any time and do not need to care about the local regulations.

Taxation and Temperance

There is thus reasonable freedom. The permitted hours vary in different localities, but must not be more than eight and a half in the provinces, or nine in the Metropolis on ordinary days, or five on Sundays. They are arranged to suit the convenience of the people of the district and, as a rule, cover the usual luncheon hours and the evening, with a break of at least two hours in the afternoon. No sale of liquor is allowed earlier than nine in the morning or later than ten-thirty at night—eleven in London.

Revenue is obtained and an automatic check is placed on excess by heavy taxation of all intoxicants. This taxation amounts to as much as 300 or 400 per cent of the cost price and, in

the case of spirits, is about five times as great as it was before the War. It has been just over eighteen dollars a gallon since 1920. The duties on beer and wine vary according to the strength, with an additional impost of two and a half dollars a gallon on sparkling wines and a preference for the products of Empire vineyards. Out of a total expenditure on liquor of about one and a fifth billion dollars, approximately half a billion dollars goes to the state. With the same rates of tax and a proportionate consumption, the United States could expect an annual income from this source of one and a half billion dollars.

But the influence of high taxation on intemperance is of greater importance socially. The days when London gin palaces could announce, "Drunk for a penny: dead drunk for two pence," are over and the workingman, turning his back on alcoholic excess as beyond his financial reach, looks round for cheaper forms of amusement and finds them in radio, the cinema and, in the case of the younger generation, in sport and the dance-hall. This change in habits has been accompanied by a change in public opinion, which now condemns the drunkenness it formerly condoned.

This does not mean that England is becoming a nation of teetotalers. But the average Englishman no longer

And these highly satisfactory results have been achieved, with a minimum of interference with individual liberty, as the result of the high taxes upon alcohol. There could be no better vindication of the utility of taxation as an instrument of policy.

Certain other lessons may be drawn from the English example. I am aware that American opinion, even in the "wet" states, condemns the saloon as, in the words of the Rockefeller Investigation Commission, "a menace to society which must never be allowed to return." But in trying to avoid the Scylla of the saloon, it is possible to fall into a still more dangerous Charybdis.

Social Drinking is Best

When liquor is bought for home consumption, a larger quantity is usually purchased and, where self-control has not been established, habits of indulgence may be created by the very device that seeks to restrain them. Solitary drinking, also, is generally more harmful than social drinking. "Treating" has many undesirable features, but worse still is the morose intoxication of the man who broods alone over his raw spirits in a dingy apartment.

The English licensing laws and recent developments in the English public house point the way out of this dilemma. No one may sell intoxicants without a license, and all public-house licenses are reviewed annually by the local magistrates, so that a publican must conduct his establishment properly if he wants to remain in business. "Permitting drunkenness or selling to drunken persons" is an offense, and there are prosecutions on this charge whenever the facts justify it. They rarely do.

These legal safeguards have been powerfully reinforced during recent years by new conceptions of what a place of refreshment ought to be. From time to time before the War tentative efforts were made in the direction of public-house reform, and the English inn, and even the English village tavern, was quite frequently a pleasant and cheerful place, with its cozy bar parlor, where games and comfortable talk and gossip were as



Outdoor drinking is not popular in England

drinks in order to get drunk; he drinks because he feels thirsty or tired, or to heighten the enjoyment of a meal or an evening's entertainment. Alcohol has taken its place as one of the amenities of life where, before the War, it was too often the destroyer of all the others.

The change is reflected in significant social statistics. The number of convictions for drunkenness is now less than a quarter of that recorded in 1913, in spite of the fact that the police are far less tolerant of intoxication than they were before the War. Thousands of "drunks" who, in the old days, might have been assisted home by a good-natured constable, are now taken in charge. The improvement is most notable among women. Before the War, there were roughly 15,000 cases in which women were sent to prison for drunkenness; that number is now under 2,400, one sixth of the old figure.

Many of those who still appear in the courts on charges arising out of insobriety belong to the older generation. They are habitual drunkards and are convicted again and again in the course of a year. As they gradually disappear the figures will improve still further, and the statistics of deaths from alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver, which have already been reduced by over sixty per cent, will become negligible.

The End of the Rope

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



"Look, Monsieur." Nicolas waited until the other lifted his white face, showed him the frayed ends. "That's the way mountain accidents occur"

TWO men linked by a strong rope climbed the sheer flank of the giant cliff. Eight hundred feet of space gaped beneath them and the cold mountain air steamed on their perspiring faces.

Nicolas, the guide from the hotel, was in the lead. He was a young man, not very tall, but his thick-set, muscular body was admirably adapted to his trade. He progressed with unhurried, calm, rhythmical gestures, heaving himself higher and higher.

When they halted to breathe and rest, his shoulders rested lightly against the cliff, and his light blue eyes swept down into the abyss without dread, seeking the dots that were villages in the Savoyard Valley and the glint of blue that was the lake.

"Are we getting there?" the man below called out.

He was somewhat older, a tourist. He had dressed for the occasion, wore sundry belts and instruments, his canteen was new and covered with felt. He was the complete Alpine climber, down to the boots and up to the tiny feather of the felt hat. But he was a novice and suffered from dizziness. During the pauses, his eyes remained glued obstinately to the stone inches from his nose, his mouth twitched and his whole body pressed against the cliff, crucified there by terror.

NICOLAS guessed his thoughts. Monsieur Gonthier was wondering what insane impulse, what ill-inspired snobism, had turned him into a mountain climber. His quivering fingers often caressed the rope that held him to the guide.

"Is it much farther?" he insisted pleadingly.

"About a hundred yards, Monsieur."

Nicolas was aware that his client had lost all his fine lust for mountain sports. When they reached the top of this cliff, he would not consider going on to the peak, over the glacier. He would complain of illness and suggest that he be taken down by the trail. And he would tip Nicolas heavily, with a suggestion that the guide should keep the incidents of the trip to himself. For Gonthier had boasted loudly down below.

The mountaineer smiled. He had reached a sort of platform, twelve inches wide and three feet in length, hewed from the cliff to enlarge a natural ledge. He nursed his client upward with light jerks on the rope, and when the panting man was at his side, he stretched a big forearm across his back to steady him.

"Take a look, Monsieur," he urged. "The view is magnificent."

Gonthier, his face like moist putty, peeped over one shoulder. Then his glance sought the rock again: "Magnificent, yes."

"An eagle's view." Nicolas laughed. "Only we have no wings! Four years ago a gentleman fell from here. He was a Dane who had climbed all over the world. Nearly three hundred meters to the first stop!" He removed his arm. "I'll go ahead and hoist you later. You have to swing yourself in space once or twice."

Nicolas reached out, his horny palm fastened on stone, and he was off. Thirty feet above his companion, he found a spot on which he could stand at ease. He looked down at Gonthier, who strove to clutch the mountain to his breast. Then he grasped the rope, rubbed it vigorously against a sharp edge, until a twist of his wrists broke it.

"Look, Monsieur." Nicolas waited until the other lifted his white face, showed him the frayed ends. "That's the way mountain accidents occur, you see. Here's your end, Monsieur."

GONTHIER'S eyes followed the rope until he caught a glimpse of the gap below. His mouth opened, and a weak, shrill yelp of horror escaped from his lips.

"Monsieur, you are in no danger," Nicolas said, lighting a pipe. "The mountain is solid. Monsieur came to the mountains two days ago, and scorned them. Climbing them was play for boys. You said so. You stopped at the Palace Hotel. Do you remember speaking to the maid who served your dinner that evening? Maria—a very pretty girl."

"I didn't say anything offensive—" Gonthier protested.

"You didn't. But you, a fine gentleman from Paris, with a big car and good clothes, you talked like her friend. And she said she was engaged to me. Do you recall what you told her?"

"No. Nothing offensive, I'm positive."

"You told her it was a shame for a dainty, pretty girl like her to marry a lout, a mountaineer. You laughed at me, Monsieur—you told her you had invited me for a drink that afternoon, when you hired me for this trip, and that I perspired when I walked across the lobby of the Palace Hotel, because I was embarrassed. You said that I didn't know what to do with my hands. You knew she wouldn't repeat that to me, too. But I saw she was a bit ashamed of me that night, and she spoke of my manners. So I found out where she had got that idea."

"Now, I seldom go into the lobby; I seldom drink in the café. Those are not the places I'm used to. But I accepted your invitation, on your own ground. This time we're in a place where you are embarrassed and I'm not. You come and join me here, and I'll reattach the rope."

"I'll give you five thousand francs to

help me," Gonthier promised. "And if I die, it's murder—"

"Mountain accident, Monsieur. Frayed rope. That happens every season."

Gonthier was mute. He tried to move, trembled and moaned. Nicolas watched him, saw that his nerve had failed completely. He felt no scorn, for he had seen men of proved courage frightened in the mountains. After five minutes he fastened a spare rope to his pick, securely wedged in the rock, and slid down to his client.

"You see, Monsieur," he said, fastening the loose end about Gonthier's body, "that it isn't always easy to play another man's game."

NICOLAS once more at the end of the rope, the tourist took heart, and they reached the top of the cliff. Gonthier sank down, wiped his face, swallowed from his canteen.

"I offered you five thousand francs to come and get me. You did. The offer sticks."

Nicolas scowled and shook his head. "No. If you think your life's been saved, I'll charge you what I think it's worth, ten francs. I wanted to give you a lesson. Even a gentleman like you can be taught a few things. You can complain at the manager's office. Let's go—"

He indicated the easy trail leading to the valley. For a long moment, Gonthier hesitated. Some inner struggle clouded his face, then he spoke calmly: "Nicolas, I hired you to take me to the top."

"You are serious, Monsieur?" Nicolas looked at him steadily. "You will go on, across the ice and up to the peak, with me?"

"We have to learn," Gonthier added. Nicolas grinned and stretched out his wide hand.

"Monsieur, you're a man. Let's go."

You Can't Kick Me

By T. R. Ybarra

The products of Uruguay include frozen meat and soccer football teams. But the long suit of the country is pride. It's the cockiest nation of South America—and one of the most color-

ful. Mr. Ybarra personally escorts you over the enchanted plains of the Purple Land and through the glittering streets of Montevideo, city of flowers and citadel of national pride

AMONG my friends is a little man, who weighs 120 pounds (when fit) and stands 5 feet 4 inches (when on tiptoe), with a mild eye, a drooping mustache, a feeble frame, and two hobbies. One is to push aside six-foot giants who get in his way; the other is to tell giant six-footers who happen to annoy him exactly what he thinks of them.

"Billy," I said to him once, "I have never seen anyone as puny and, at the same time, as pugnacious, as you are. How come?"

He explained:

"When I was holding down my first job as an office-boy, the whole gang in the office bullied me. They made my life miserable. Finally, when I was just about ready to go out and hang myself, I overheard two of my office mates talking.

"It sure is terrible the way we treat that new boy," said one.

"It sure is," agreed the other, "but—if anybody in this world lets himself get kicked around, he darned well *will* get kicked around!"

"Those words made me see a great light. The very next time one of the bunch started to bully me I walked right up to him, and—well, the bullying stopped. It has been that way ever since with me."

And off he strutted about his affairs, and years went by, and I scarcely gave a thought to that experience of his until a few weeks ago, when I arrived in Uruguay.

Small but Cocky

Uruguay is the smallest of the South American republics. It is also the cockiest. You see, away back in their history, the Uruguayans decided not to let themselves get kicked around. The decision was doubtless arrived at in a huddle pulled off by the seven families who founded Montevideo, Uruguay's capital, early in the eighteenth century. A century or so later, when the Uruguayans still did not number more than 40,000 or so, that decision was already a corner-stone in their attitude toward the rest of the human race. So much so that, getting tired of Spanish domination, they told powerful Spain to quit kicking them around, and—Spain quit!

Then they told England (who had come snooping down to South America looking for likely new colonies) the same thing, and—England quit! Then they turned to big Argentina and bigger Brazil, both of whom had designs on little Uruguay, and—both of them quit, nursing barked shins and rubbing bleeding noses with swollen fingers. And little Uruguay went strutting on her way. She has been strutting ever since. If a Uruguayan walked in his sleep, he would strut—not offensively, for, like all Latin Americans, he is a pleasant and polite chap—but strut he would, nevertheless.

I had entered Uruguay from Brazil, where, when you meet somebody on the street, he says: "Good morning. Brazil is bigger than the United States," and,



NESMITH



NESMITH

Uruguay raises her own special sheep on a magnificent scale and sends wool and mutton abroad

if you ask a cop the way to your hotel, he answers: "First turning to the right, then second to the left. Brazil is bigger than the United States." So, knowing that Uruguay was only about as big as New England—nothing to write home about in South America!—I rather expected to find the Uruguayans humble-minded—reasonably patriotic, if you will, and proud of this or that episode in their history or in their economic and social progress, but distinctly humble-minded.

My wife and I walked into a well-known shop on one of Montevideo's principal business streets. It is situated in cosmopolitan surroundings quite pleasing to the bewildered foreigner



NESMITH

In the upper left is Montevideo, with the Plaza of Independence in the foreground. And below is the city's public beach. The patriarchal gentleman (upper right) is a *gaucho*—cowboy to you



EWING GALLOWAY

alone in a faraway South American city—with an American bank opposite, and, close at hand, an Italian steamship agency and a big French concern. Moreover, it is owned by a man with a name which is both good English and good German. When we got inside, we were attended by a youth who, it turned out, was the son of the proprietor. I asked him:

"Are you English? Or German?"

He looked at me.

"My father is German," he replied, "but I'm Uruguayan—thank God!"

Perfectly polite, mind you—perfectly calm—yet he gave me the feeling that I had been planning to kick him around! Before I had been twenty-four hours more in Montevideo I realized that his remark summed up the attitude typical of Uruguayans.

Where Votes Have Replaced Knives

There are only 2,000,000 of them, against 12,000,000 Argentines, on their southern and western borders, and 41,000,000 Brazilians to the northward. Argentina is one of the most pushing and successful nations in the world, and Brazil one of the biggest and richest, and beyond them lies the world which includes the United States and Great Britain and France and Germany and Italy and Russia. But the Uruguayan,

from his pretty capital city or from the rolling purple plains which girdle it, looks upon all these nations with a cold eye. "I'm Uruguayan, thank God!" That remark strikes the keynote of Uruguay.

What is there about his native land to make the Uruguayan so cocky? A lot—make no mistake about that—a lot.

Until some forty years ago Uruguay was torn every few months by revolution; its record was such that even natives of other parts of Latin America, to whom revolutions were the most ordinary events imaginable, held up their fingers and cried, "Naughty, naughty!" Yet now, Uruguayans proudly tell you, their country is one where "votes have taken the place of knives."

Yesterday it was filled with bloody, cruel and meaningless fighting, which emptied the national treasury and paralyzed business; today it boasts that no really serious civil warfare has broken out on its soil for thirty years, that it has paid its debts and (until the depression caught it) prospered at a rate that would have made the eyes of the original settlers pop out of their sockets in amazement.

Though, as I remarked, there are only 2,000,000 human beings in Uruguay, there are some 9,000,000 head of cattle and 20,000,000 sheep. The country's

(Continued on page 48)

The Toad Hop Amazon

By Grover Jones

The singular adventure of Button Klegg, who insulted a dish-throwing lady—and lived to tell the tale

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THE WEEKLY TIMES was a pretty sick sheet before Button Klegg took it over. You could scatter a handful of cobwebs farther than its circulation—and even the subscribers used it only to clean lamp chimneys with. Pop Staley, the editor and owner, traded it to Button for a diamond ring and a twenty-one-jewel watch and then took the first train to Chicago, where he got a better job scraping hogs for a packing company.

Button came into our town a tramp printer—the first one I'd ever seen who didn't wear corduroy pants and carry a union card in his upper vest pocket. He had owned a paper down in Indian Territory but the Choctaw queens—the first bootleggers this country ever had—gave him the bum's rush because he tried to make them take out his bar bill in advertising. The first week he worked for Staley he got drunk—and before he could sober up Staley made the deal.

We called him Button because he always wore a McKinley campaign button in the lapel of his coat. A fellow in his early fifties, I'd say; with a type-case stoop that gave the impression he was a hot-water bottle smuggler. A million tiny blood vessels flooded his face—like yarn ties in a crazy quilt—but a sweatband indentation across his forehead kept them from charging up into the virgin whiteness of his shiny bald head. A pair of horn-rim spectacles balanced precariously on his bulbous nose while underneath a matted horse-hair mustache reached out to catch them if they fell. His real Christian name was Lawrence.

In two months he had The Weekly Times on its feet. Even the farmers were paying real money for subscriptions instead of their usual offerings of cord wood, bulk sauerkraut or live barn fowls. He did it because he appealed to their sense of humor. Most of us believed that a farmer never had a sense of humor, but Button figured it out that they must have or they wouldn't be working on a farm. He was right. They howled with laughter when he told them, in his inimitable way, that they didn't know anything about farming—and then set about to prove it.

"FERTILIZER makes vegetables grow because vegetables can't stand the smell and come up for air. . . . A live beet is a turnip with high blood pressure, but a dead beet is a dirty polecat who pads his sitting-room carpet with The Weekly Times and then says it isn't worth a dollar a year." They liked that stuff.

Same thing with the coal miners. First flood we had—and we had them every year—Button assured us the water wouldn't reach the Company Store because it was the highest place in town. The miners thought

so too, but they never had the courage to say so. And when he talked about their social life, they loved it. If Mrs. Winona Clinckscapes, of South Sixth Street, visited Mrs. Ethelia Scrunn, of South Seventh Street, he worded the facts in such a manner you got the feel of caparisoned horses drawing state carriages majestically down a broad avenue lined with cheering throngs. Everybody knew that the Clinckscapes

house backed up to the Scrunn house and it wasn't more than a mop's jump from one kitchen to the other—but they liked Button's way best. Even coal miners like to sit and scratch pictures of castles on their dinner buckets.

Then one day Button made a mistake—he stepped on the toes of Mrs. Matt Wannack. Called her the Toad Hop Amazon and wanted to know why some carnival company didn't fasten a basket to her and send her up. We knew what he was driving at: Every coal camp has a labor agitator—and she was ours. She hated mine owners and didn't hesitate in saying so. This hatred was partly a carry-over from the old days when mine owners screened coal through a ladder and gave all that didn't come through to the poor digger. In time, of course, they became a little more honest, but that's hard to prove to a woman whose men-folks, for generations, had been given as sacrifice to the hungry, hollow monster of the earth.

Always she talked strike—and now

that April was in the offing there was a possibility that her inflammatory speeches would find willing ears at the miners' convention. Button knew what a strike would mean—poverty would hang over the town like smoke in a misty rain, and not one cent would he get for advertising from the local merchants. So it was up to him to stop her, and this he hoped to do by making her appear ridiculous to her fellow citizens.

She was an Amazon all right—so big she could stand flat-footed and look over the back fence of a saloon to see if her husband was playing pinochle with the boys. If he was, there was a new fence in town the following day.

MATT, her husband, was her mouth-piece. Women weren't allowed in the local union halls, so she wound up the little fellow with facts and figures—just like you wind up a mechanical toy—and sent him out to the meetings. He talked until he ran down, then came back and got wound up again. How she found out everything she told him was a greater mystery to him than to anyone else in town; she knew the ins and outs of every mine scarring the Wabash Valley.

Matt didn't know anything, but that was all right with him. Nobody ever heard him squawk about being a ventriloquist's dummy but maybe that was because, in his moments of personal freedom, he spent most of his time at the Gravel Pit fishing for sticklebacks. He was so small he could save enough material from a hand-me-down suit to

make a cap and two pairs of mittens. And he was a trifle sway-backed from looking up and saying "Yes, ma'am," to his wife.

Ten seconds after Mrs. Wannack read that crack about her in Button's paper, she blasted her way from Toad Hop—a little jerk just the other side of Sugar Creek—and reached the print shop in less time than it takes the Ladies' Aid Society to pick a quart of blackberries. Button was seated on his high stool distributing type.

"Get off that perch, you owl-faced hypocrite!" screamed Mrs. Wannack. "I'm goin' to plaster you all over this office!"

Button slid down and scratched his forehead as he squinted at her.

"For what, Mrs. Wannack?"

"You know for what!" She shook a fist the size of a Casaba melon in his face. "Either you apologize or I'll—"

"Plaster me all over the office," broke in Button. "You said that before."

"Well—are you?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Wannack." Button took a deep breath and Mrs. Wannack's eyes flashed triumphantly. "I had never seen you close before, Mrs. Wannack. Now that I have I'm quite sure they could send you up without a basket."

Wham! Mrs. Wannack's fist looped to his chin and he went crashing back onto the printer's stone, pieing a



He thought he was through with her, but he had only begun



"Your wife can't make anything but trouble," Button snorted

dozen columns of type. Mrs. Wannack looked like a Police Gazette photograph of an old-time fighter as she waited for him to get up.

"Mrs. Wannack," said Button from his sitting position, as he carefully placed his spectacles out of danger, "before we go any further, I want to explain something to you. I used to be a coal miner—down in Indian Territory. Now—"

"Get up, you yellow-bellied skunk!" broke in Mrs. Wannack savagely. "I don't care what you've been—I'm only interested in what you're goin' to be when I get through with you."

"I understand that part of it perfectly," said Button, "but what I've got to say is most important, really it is. You see, down there the Choctaw queens begin where you leave off. They're so tough they have to plait their hair around their jaws to keep them from biting each other. Naturally, the men-folks have to treat them in a way they can understand." He got to his feet and squared off. "I hope you'll forgive me, Mrs. Wannack."

She replied by swinging another right at his chin. He ducked and came up with a terrific uppercut that smacked against her left ear and sent her catapulting into the old Washington press. The impact broke off the press handle and put a bulge in the back wall. Button took one look at the ungraceful figure of Mrs. Wannack wedged in between the wall and the press and then calmly began distributing type again.

He thought he was through with her, but he had only begun.

From a fighter's angle it was a peach of a scrap. Button's footwork was a little slow, but this deficiency was bal-

anced by the fact that Mrs. Wannack was having considerable trouble with her underskirts. She had six of them. However, they finally ignored the usual rules of fighting and began to throw everything that came within their reach. Button finally conked her with the paste pot.

MATT was down in the mine tossing slate on the gob when he heard about the fight. He came up the manway and ran all the way down the railroad switch. When he finally puffed into Button's office, he found the latter setting type as if nothing had happened. But his features were as badly scattered as the office furniture.

"Mr. Klegg," gasped the winded Matt, "I've just heard that you—that you—"

"Get out!"

Button pointed a commanding finger at the door, but the little fellow didn't move. "Get out—you hear me?"

"Mr. Klegg, you don't understand."

"Oh, yes, I do. You're in here lookin' for a fight just because I lambasted that she wildcat of yours. Well, I got no crow to pick with you, so go on—get out."

"Mr. Klegg," Matt's eyes clung to Button's. Something akin to admiration shone in their depths. "Tell me this—how'd it feel when you popped her?"

"Huh?" Button's discolored eyes widened questioningly. "What do you mean, 'how'd it feel'?"

Matt's clenched right hand was rotating in front of his stomach; his eyes dreamily looking off into space.

"Gee, it must have been great!" he murmured ecstatically. Then he clapped

his hands together and looked up at Button. "Day after day—year after year—always I say the same thing to myself. 'Matt, I say, 'you got to do it—you got to slug her, Matt. You got to put her in her place. Where's your manhood?' I say. 'Look what she's doin' to you. You're just a little monkey, that's what you are—just a little monkey. You're a talkin' monkey, Matt. Oh, yes, you are! An' she learned you to talk, too. An' what do you say? This one's no good. That one's no good. They're all no good.'"

He growled angrily and the veins suddenly stood out on his temples like pieces of fuse against the face of coal.

"I like people, Mr. Klegg—I like everybody. Why do I have to say things like that? Because she makes me; she makes me do it. I ain't got no grudge against the mine owners. Maybe they're not so good—but let somebody else find that out. Talkin' about people gives me the bellyache. I ain't goin' to do it no more—I'm goin' to be like you. I'm goin' to slug her. She's a good woman, Mr. Klegg, but she's got to be slugged. . . . Now tell me—did you hit what you was aimin' at or did you just close your eyes and plow right in?"

That was a friendship for you, those two. Matt worshiped Button and Button was fond of him, principally because Matt was the first man he'd ever met who could keep still and be interested in everything he had to say. Matt broke that rule only once and that was when Button was talking about his favorite dish—plum pudding. The two were squatted in the lush grass at the far end of the pit, trying to catch a mess of carp with fried-dough bait.

"Plum puddin's just plum puddin',"

said Button after an hour's discourse on the subject, "but good plum puddin's knockin' pick."

"My wife makes knockin' pick," said Matt.

"Your wife can't make anything but trouble!" Button snorted. "As a matter of fact, there ain't nobody in this town who knows what good plum puddin' is. Up around Scranton—yes. And parts of West Virginia. I know—I've been there. Those Welsh coal miners—"

"But she does," interrupted Matt. "Honest she does."

"If you and me are goin' to get along, Matt Wannack, you better keep that old war horse of yours out of this."

"Yes, sir," said Matt, shifting uneasily. "I was only sayin'—"

"I'm doin' the sayin'. You keep your eye on that cork—you got a nibble."

"It's only a sucker," said Matt after a moment's survey of the bobbing cork.

"Knockin' pick takes weeks to make," continued Button—"weeks. These monkeys around here boil it and eat it the same day. Imagine! Lord, what I wouldn't give to have a chunk of it now."

Matt looked up from his cork. It was evident that he had been doing some heavy thinking.

"Give me that again, Button—when I swing an uppercut to the jaw, do I go up on the ball of my right foot or do I—"

POOR old Matt never got a chance to prove his prowess as a slugger. Like most miners, he had the insane habit of opening a keg of powder with his pick. The last time he tried it they gathered him up with a whiskbroom and

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Lefty's Left

By Bill Cunningham

Last year it was worth \$125,000. This year it's not worth much. It won't work. Nobody knows whether it will ever work again. And a thousand fans plus a great pitcher are broken-hearted because of a small twist in a tiny muscle in Lefty Grove's left arm

I'M NOT superstitious—well, not very, anyhow—but any time I come to see you, don't start playing that Ravel's Bolero unless you want to see a strong man come down with the jitters and shake with nervous motions that would make the original St. Vitus look like that petrified man in Mr. Ripley's Odditorium.

The raucous but iron-lunged amplifiers in the Garden were hanging the abandoned rhythms of that barbaric masterpiece the night The Golden Boy, Ernie Schaaf, was lifted from where he had practically died in my lap and borne out a side door across the street to the Polyclinic Hospital, where his gallant spirit did pass within forty-eight hours.

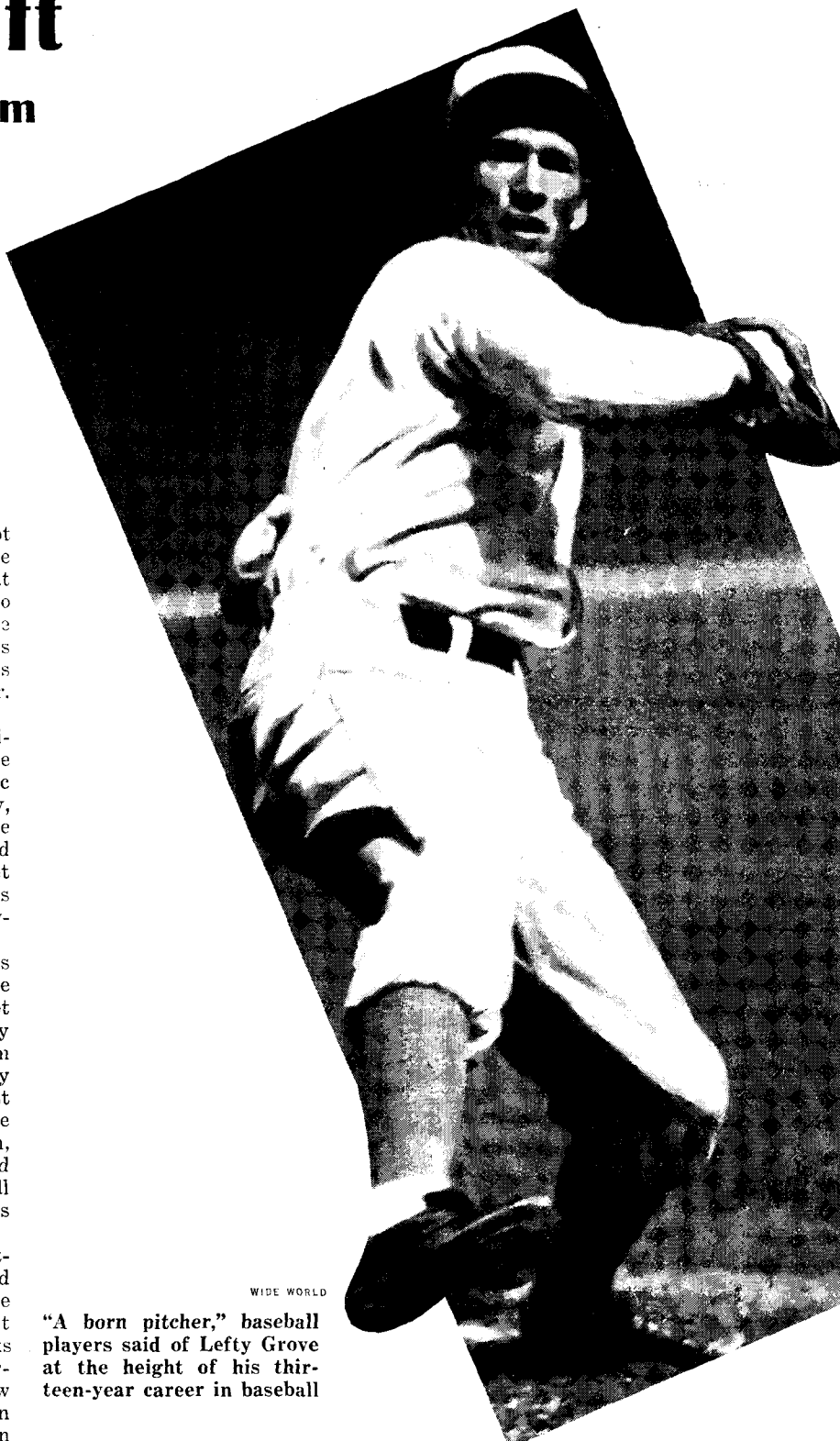
And from the radio in a saucy sports roadster parked screwgee against the fence came that selfsame tune that hot afternoon early last April when Lefty Grove threw his glove, clutched his arm and broke into a sunburst of hill-billy profanity. That selfsame tune. I just happened to notice. Was this again the eerie harbinger of death? The death, this time, of the greatest left-hand pitching career since Rube Waddell used to call in his outfield and bid his infielders sit down.

It was down in Orlando in that quart-sized park the natives have snatched back from the prowling hibiscus. The Boston Red Sox, no longer, on paper at least, pale and pushoverable, thanks to the winter's transfusion of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of new baseball blood, had dropped off for an exhibition joust with the Brooklyn Dodgers, lovingly referred to by the scribes as The Daffiness Boys. The Sox had kissed their own quarters in Sarasota goodby and were moving northward by bus and sleeper jump toward their Washington opening twelve days away.

The befanneled beauties from the town of the bean and the cod were warming up for the imminent battle. Bucky Harris was rapping grounders to his newly formed infield. Joe Judge was looping fungoes through the heavens toward the outfield. In an improvised bull pen, the husky troupe of Sox pitchers, on paper the most formidable in either league, was spanking the ball into so many catchers' mitts that the resultant explosions sounded like a garage full of backfireds.

The King of the Fire Ball

On the rail, as you might say, or at least nearest the bleachers, was the prize of the lot, the Red Sox's great capture from the bank-ridden Athletics, Robert Moses "Lefty" Grove, famed King of the Fire Ball, the greatest left-hander of his time, if not, indeed, of all time. The oh-so-loyal Hub fans did everything but burn red fire and dance in the streets when report of his pur-



WIDE WORLD

"A born pitcher," baseball players said of Lefty Grove at the height of his thirteen-year career in baseball



KEYSTONE

A. A. Woods massaging Lefty Grove's famous left arm

chase was made, and they probably would have done both only the snow was up to their whiskers, the purchase having been announced in December.

He is supposed to have cost young owner Yawkey a cool \$125,000 and to command a salary bank presidents don't get in these times, but that was something for Yawkey to discuss with his advisers if any. The Murphys, the Kellys, the Cabots, Saltonstalls and Cohens merely skied their skimmers to the cold Back Bay moon and itched a mighty itch for the good old summer time.

But the great Robert Moses, as I say, was warming up on the rail. Jack Onslow was doing the receiving. Some rookie or substitute might do for the others, but here was the star. He rated at least a coach as his back-stopper.

Long—he's six feet three inches tall—lean—you can see his ribs under the shower, for all his 180 pounds, and baked saddle brown by the Sarasota sun, he eased them out gradually for some fifteen minutes and then he began to cut loose. He pinged a couple into Onslow's mitt that rocked the veteran back on his heels and then he wound up and let blaze the famous fire ball! It blazed all right.

It burned white hot into Onslow's pillowed palm, but drama, if not tragedy, was on the other end of the pitch, for the great Grove had dropped his glove, had clutched his pitching arm across the biceps and was saying words that are found in the Bible but not in the sense he was using them.

Savagely he kicked his way toward the clubhouse. I passed him on my way outside to buy a packet of cigarettes, and it was there that I heard again, streaming from beneath the tonneau of a white-wheeled roadster in which sat a pretty girl who was waiting for somebody, the fateful strains of that wild dance being pumped through the air by some distant band somewhere.

Nobody Suspected the Truth

I didn't think anything about it at the time, but I happened to remember it afterward. I didn't think anything about it at the time because nobody but a secret and official few—Eddie Collins, Bucky Harris, Doc Woods and Grove himself—knew that baseball's bolt-hurling Jove, for the first time in all his thirteen years of baseball, was half crazy with worry over the flat refusal of his famed pitching arm to "feel right."

We knew Lefty had been a trifle deliberate in his pre-season training, especially in the matter of pitching. He obviously wasn't bearing down when he served up the ball, but that was all right. Why should he? His pitching was a known quantity. He didn't have to sell himself to Manager Harris. You wouldn't find Galli-Curci hitting her highest notes full voice in a try-out with an orchestra, would you?

Then, too, the great Lefty had always been a law unto himself when it came to the matters of conditioning and training. He set his own program, worked his own hours, did as little or as much as he felt like. Wise old Connie Mack had set that precedent with him when he yanked him green and gander-eyed from Jack Dunn's Baltimore Orioles, paying \$105,600, every penny of it in

(Continued on page 39)

Sampson and Delilah

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

TIMOTHY DUNNEVAN, fireman second, and Benjamin Linn, seaman first, U. S. N., both of the destroyer Trimble, were out of luck and broke. Flat broke in San Diego on a Saturday afternoon, with liberty passes good until eight o'clock Monday morning in their pockets.

As Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn walked along Broadway toward the boat landing, it seemed as if nature and mankind had leagued against them. A California sun, more thirst-provoking than a shipload of pretzels, glared at them. An amorous sea wind lurked under sidewalk awnings and went dancing off with a sound like "Hoo-ey-y-y." California sparrows, bragging of their health to a bewildered Mexican peewee in the street, broke off to titter at Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn. "Sailor cheap, cheap, cheap," they said.

Broke—at the very start of a "48" liberty. A thousand other brave sailor hearts beat happily all around Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn. But these two knew not the solace of a woman's smile, the delights of cold beer, of dance hall or picture show. No happy sailor stopped to ask: "Need a loan, buddies?" In fact, a Shore Patrol sailor remarked to his C. P. O.: "There's Dunnevan and Linn. Trouble. We oughta throw their pants in the brig on general principles."

Abjured and misunderstood, penniless wayfarers in a hostile land, Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn walked in battle formation. A step in advance was Seaman Linn, jaunty, alert, his starched hat bobbing at a rakish angle. He was the light, fast cruiser on patrol. Behind him lumbered Fireman Dunnevan, a battleship carrying heavy guns. Seaman Linn, when he could not avoid it by quick thinking, fought at 135 pounds. Fireman Dunnevan, who enjoyed fighting, went into action at 210 pounds.

"What we gonna do now, Benny?"

"I'll think up something in a minute."

"We better go back to the ship and calk."

Seaman Linn halted. Fireman Dunnevan stopped automatically.

"So you think we better go back to the ship and sleep from now until Monday, hunh?"

"Yerse."

Infinite scorn darkened Seaman Linn's bright blue eyes. His prominent Adam's apple traveled up his throat, dredging gall from the depths of a bitter soul. He was a gnarled and hardened young man, surprisingly and knottily muscled for his size.

"Sometimes, Tim," he said, "I don't think you got no character a-tall. We get a couple of bad breaks and you want to give up. What'd we get liberty for?"

"To go to L. A."

"And why was we going to L. A.?"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked, his dark, heavy-browed face reddening at this challenge. It was a kindly face and, as Seaman Linn said, "Women couldn't never love it, Tim, but they sure do trust it. Lucky for women you got good morals." After a few seconds of concentrated thought, Fireman Dunnevan made answer:



Mr. Boulakalian did not like sailors. He glared at Seaman Linn. "You weesh your pactice take, sailor?" he inquired sharply

"We was going to L. A. because you said we had ought to pursue adventure. But we lost my dough betting on a race horse and playing a slot machine and you cannot have no adventure without dough."

Seaman Linn snorted.

"**WE BEEN** broke in lots of ports, Tim. And what happened?"

"In Seattle last time we was broke and landed in the brig."

"And why? Because you didn't let me handle it. I had that New Mexico gang all built up for the raffle and you got sentimental over a pup—"

"He was a good little dorg and not no dorg to be mascot for them clucks on the New Mexico."

"I wouldn't of let them have him. I had it fixed to make Nineteenth division flag the winners. But no. You got all sentimental and tried to use force. Remember, Tim, it's force and brains. You got the force and I got the brains. Remember Panama? Remember Honolulu?"

"Yerse."

Seaman Linn nodded self-righteously. He deemed it the psychological moment to sum up the situation.

"Our heads is bloody but unbowed, Tim," he said. "Our hearts is pure and God loves the United States sailors. We come ashore without no hatred for anybody. We made a unwise bet on a sprinter and we got took by a crooked slot machine. But our motives was of the best possible motives. We didn't have

enough dough for both of us to go to L. A. and I wouldn't go without you."

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. His faithful brown eyes warmed. He did not at the moment recall that it had been his money, not Seaman Linn's.

"You are a true friend, Benny," he said, slapping a huge, hairy paw on Seaman Linn's right shoulder.

"That's better," said Seaman Linn, dealing his friend a stiff punch on an armor-plated midriff. "You're a good guy, Tim, only every oncet in a while you don't *think*."

"Yerse. What we gonna do now?"

Seaman Linn did not falter.

"Our hearts is pure and God loves United States sailors," he repeated. "We're going to the landing to see if we can spot a friend that'll lend us a stake. Anyway, we got a break coming soon. It stands to reason. But to get it, we got to stay in circulation. Come on!"

Fireman Dunnevan sighed.

"I wish I had me about three styruns of beer," he said.

The battle formation moved on to the boat landing. Seaman Linn kept a sharp and hopeful lookout for friends among the dozens of sailors hurrying by. Ponderously, Fireman Dunnevan brought up the rear. Now and then he reached around and scratched his left shoulder; a tattooed wreath of shamrocks encircling a map of Ireland itched him on warm days.

THEY saw no friends and were given hail only by a Shore Patrol sailor who said, "What boat you guys waiting for? We got orders not to allow no loitering."

Seaman Linn turned to Fireman Dunnevan.

"Oh, I forgot, Tim. This is his ocean and we can't look at it, after all."

"Smart guys," said Shore Patrol. "Name your boat or move along!"

Fireman Dunnevan was about to say "Yerse?" in a threatening manner, when Seaman Linn clutched his arm.

"Look, Tim? Ain't that Jud Sampson?"

He pointed to a figure in blue serge cits slumped disconsolately on a bench.

"Yerse. I know them buttoned shoes."

"I bet he didn't get married, after all. I bet Perminta give him the gate!"

This thought touched Fireman Dunnevan. He believed in true love.

"Poor Sampson. He sure don't look happy." Then, as Seaman Linn started in Sampson's direction: "We hadn't ort to try to get any dough from him, Benny. I bet his heart's broken, poor feller."

Seaman Linn was stung to the quick.

"Think I'd try to put the bee on Jud that ain't in the Service no more? I just think we ought to go over and see what's the matter on account of we was shipmates for four years. That's common humanity, Tim."

"Yerse. But he's sore at us on account of we warned him Perminta was an orful flirt."

"Nuts. The whole gang warned him. It ain't up to us to pass judgment now, Tim. The poor guy looks like he's crying."

They approached Mr. Sampson.

"Well, well, if it ain't Jud Sampson," said Mr. Linn, genially. "How's it going, Jud?"

"Yerse," said Mr. Dunnevan sympathetically.

Mr. Sampson looked up.

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Love in distress—with two sailors on the job. Messrs. Linn and Dunnevan may never be admirals. But it's blimps to dreadnoughts they'll both die rich

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEED of a secret agent to whom he can intrust an exceedingly difficult and dangerous assignment, General Berati, the most powerful man in Italy, sends for Major Martin Fawley, an American. Fawley comes, accepts the assignment—and has a singular adventure. As he prepares to leave the room a woman opens a door (one of many) and fires a revolver. Whirling, he notes, to his amazement, that the general has disappeared; then, leaping through the door, he follows the would-be assassin.

In a hall through which she rushes the woman loses one of her slippers. Fawley picks it up. The woman—a gloriously beautiful creature—enters a bedroom; Fawley follows her, confronts her. She admits trying to kill Berati, who, she says, is on the point of making a "hideous blunder." She implores Fawley to give her the slipper. He refuses to do so and leaves.

Returning to Berati's office, he finds the general's secretary, Prince Patoni, awaiting him. "Our chief," says the prince, "is unhurt. He wishes you to go immediately to a reception being given by his wife, the Princessa—at the Palazzo."

Fawley goes to the reception. His hostess greets him, introduces him to her niece, the Princess Elida di Rezzo di Vasena—the woman who had tried to murder Berati! An hour later they meet at the "Café of the Shiny Star." There Fawley returns the slipper: not, however, until he has her promise not to attack the general again. He also returns a slip of paper—which he had found in the slipper. The princess is very nervous. "You have read this paper?" she gasps. "Naturally," Fawley replies. The princess stares at him. "You are going to tell Berati?" Fawley smiles. Then—"I shall tell Berati. But I shall not tell him who the woman was."

A few moments later there is a rude interruption. Prince Patoni, who has, obviously, been eavesdropping behind a near-by screen, steps forth. He addresses Fawley sternly. "I am compelled," he snaps out, "to ask you to accompany me at once to the Generalissimo." Fawley, infuriated, hesitates. "Please go," the princess whispers. "Do as I ask." And Fawley walks out with Patoni—to an even more remarkable adventure.

II

IN A LIFE full of surprises Martin Fawley was inclined to doubt whether he ever received a greater one than when, for the second time during the same day, he was ushered into the presence of General Berati, the most dreaded man in Rome. Gone was the severe high-necked and tight-waisted uniform, gone the iciness of his speech and the cold precision of his words. It was a tolerable imitation of a human being with whom Fawley was confronted—a dark-haired, undersized but sufficiently good-looking man dressed in a suit of apparently English tweeds, stretched at his full length upon the sofa of a comfortable sitting-room leading out of his bureau, reading a New York newspaper and with something that looked suspiciously like a Scotch whisky-and-soda by his side. He threw down his paper and welcomed his visitor with a grim cordiality.

"Come in, Major," he invited. "I will offer you a whisky-and-soda as soon as you tell me exactly whom you found on the other side of that door."

Fawley accepted the chair to which his host had pointed.

"May I take the liberty," he begged, "of asking a question first?"

"Why not?" Berati answered with unabated good humor. "This is an unofficial conversation. Proceed."

"Where did you disappear to after the first shot?"

Berati chuckled.

"I give audiences too easily," he confided, "and for that reason I have several little contrivances of my own invention. Some day I will show you this one. There is a button on my desk which I touch, the rubber floor upon which I sit disappears, and so do I, into the room below. I should explain perhaps that it is a drop of only a few feet and the end is what you call in England a feather bed. And now the answer to my question, please."

Martin Fawley was probably as near complete embarrassment as ever before in his life. He hated the position in which he found himself. He hated what he was about to do. He kept his countenance but he was bitterly mortified as he felt for a secret pocket inside his coat and silently withdrew his cigarette case.

"General Berati," he said, "I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself and I shall merit what you will doubtless think of me. At the same time do remember this—I am to some extent a mercenary in your service. I allow myself that amount of excuse. It was a

woman who fired the shot and, as you see, I am handing back my papers."

"This is most intriguing," Berati observed. "I gather then that you refuse to tell me her name?"

"Frankly," Fawley replied, "I believe you know it already but all the same you are right: I refuse to tell you her name. I have been in your service for the matter of a few hours, I see you nearly killed, I know who fired the shot and I am not going to tell you who it was."

"Capital!" Berati exclaimed. "Just what I should have expected from you. Put back your cigarette case, my young friend. After all, you probably saved my life, for, thanks to you, there was no second shot."

"**Y**OU know who it was?" Fawley asked, a little bewildered.

"Perfectly well," Berati confided. "I joined my wife's guests," he went on, "chiefly for the pleasure of seeing whether you showed any embarrassment when you were presented to a certain one of our Roman beauties. My congratulations, Major. You have some, at any rate, of the gifts necessary in our profession. Let me offer you a

whisky-and-soda. You see, I am a great admirer of your country and I try even to adopt her drinks."

Fawley thanked him and helped himself. Berati's intonation as well as his manner seemed to have become curiously Anglo-Saxon.

"Listen, my friend," he continued, "when an attempt is made upon my life I never, if I can help it, allow anything to appear in the journals. You do not wish to give away a beautiful lady any more than I want to admit to the indignity of having been nearly wiped off the earth by so frail an instrument."

"I think, sir, that you are a very brave and a very forgiving man," Fawley declared with an impulsiveness which was absolutely foreign to his character.

Berati laughed almost gayly.

"No man," he said, "who is in touch with the great affairs of the world can afford to be made ridiculous. An attempt on my life by my wife's niece, by the Princess Elida, is a thing to smile at. Nevertheless," he went on, his tone becoming a trifle graver, "I have reason to believe that the princess was carrying with her a paper of some importance."

"She was," Fawley admitted.

"You discovered it?" Berati snapped out with a trace of his former manner.

"I discovered it," Fawley confessed. "Its purport is at your disposal."

"And the paper?"

"I returned it to the princess."

Berati's air of bonhomie temporarily disappeared. He scowled.

"An amazing act of gallantry at my expense," he sneered.

"Bad enough in my position. I admit, but not quite as bad as it seems," Fawley pointed out. "I have already told you that the purport of that paper is at your disposal."

"It was signed by one who used to bear a great name in Germany?" Berati asked.

"It was," Fawley assented.

"And in return for certain action on your part you were offered?"

"I can tell you specifically if you like."

Berati shook his head.

"**A** COPY of the proposed agreement reached me ten minutes ago. My mind is not made up. I have decided to wait until you have visited Germany. Your reports from there will influence me. At present I have an open mind. The Princess Elida has been bitterly disappointed," he went on, "by what she thought was a point-blank refusal on my part. She believes that I lean towards Behrling. She has the usual woman's fault—she jumps at conclusions."

"Is it permitted to ask what your intentions are with regard to the princess?"

Berati grunted:

"Nothing venomous, I can assure you. I do not make war on women. She is now on her way to Vienna in the safest of my airships. I regret the necessity for such discipline but she will not be allowed to cross the frontier again for a year. This need not disturb you, my friend, for I doubt whether you



Then came a crash which blotted out the whole world with a great barrier of sound

will spend much of your time in this country. You will recognize the fact, I am sure, that however much I may choose to risk in the way of danger I cannot afford to be made ridiculous."

"I think that you have behaved very generously," Fawley declared.

Berati rose to his feet and touched the bell.

"The car in which you arrived is waiting for you, Fawley," he announced. "Your place is taken in the night train for Monte Carlo. You have thirty-five minutes. Good luck to you. Carlo," he added in Italian to the servant who had answered the bell, "show this gentleman to his automobile. He goes to the Central Railway Station. By the bye, Fawley, your luggage has all been registered and your small things put in your compartment. Once more—good night and good luck to you."

Fawley lingered for a moment.

"How do you propose to communicate with me, General?" he asked.

"Concerning that you need not worry," was the bland reply. "I do not approve of the telephone or the telegraph and I like even less letters which go through the post. Live your own perfectly natural life. Some day you will find in your salon a blue envelope."

THE blue envelope!

Fawley threw down the tennis racket he had been carrying, turned the key in the lock of his sitting-room door at the Hotel de France and moved swiftly to the writing table on which the letter had been placed. He tore it open, read it very deliberately—for it was in a somewhat curious cipher which he had only just committed to memory—and then, lighting a match, watched it slowly consumed to ashes. Afterward he lingered for a few minutes on his balcony looking up toward the misty peaks eastward of Mont Agel. He no longer regretted the fortnight's idleness, the non-appearance of Krust, the almost stagnant calm of his days. He had thoroughly established himself as a leisure-loving American with a passion for games. He now busied himself at the telephone canceling a few social engagements, for Fawley, reserved though he was by habit, was a man always sought after.

"A FEW days' golf up at Sospel," he told everyone after he had packed his clothes.

He wondered a little grimly whither those few days' golf would lead him. Perhaps to the same place as Joseffi, who had been found in the gardens with a bullet through his heart and a revolver by his side but who had never been known to enter the Casino in his life.

"You are not leaving us, sir?" the valet-de-chambre inquired as he answered the bell.

"Only for a few days," Fawley assured him. "I am keeping my rooms."

"You are not leaving us, Major Fawley, I trust?" the smiling and urbane manager asked him in the hall.

"Only for a few days," Fawley repeated. "I am going to explore your hills and try another golf links. Back about Sunday, I should think. Keep my letters."

"I wish you a pleasant and successful expedition," the manager remarked, with a bow.

Fawley's smile was perhaps a little enigmatic. He waved his hand and drove off without further speech.

FAWLEY, some five days later, driving his high-powered car through one of the many passes of the lesser Alps between Roquebrune and the frontier, suddenly swung round a corner to find himself confronted by a movable obstruction of white, freshly painted rails and an ominous notice. A soldier in the uniform of the Chasseurs Alpins stepped forward, his rifle at a threatening angle.

"There is no road this way, Monsieur," he announced curtly.

Fawley, who had brought his car to a standstill, leaned forward and produced a map. He addressed the soldier in his own language.

"My young friend," he protested, "I fancy that you are mistaken. You have blocked the wrong road. This is clearly marked in the latest edition of the issued maps as a Number Two road between Hegel and the village of Les Estaples."

"Your map is of no consequence," the

man replied. "This road was taken over by the military some time ago. There is no passage here for civilians."

A sergeant, who had been sitting on a rock among the sparse pine trees smoking a cigarette, scrambled down to them.

"What is the trouble?" he demanded. "Monsieur desires to use this route," his subordinate confided. "I have told him that it exists now only for military purposes. He must return the way he came."

"C'est exact," the sergeant declared. "Where were you bound for by this route, Monsieur?"

Fawley leaned from his seat.

"I have been told," he replied confidentially, "that your army is thinking of erecting military works here. I wish to discover how far that is the truth."

The sergeant stared at him. So did the private. So did the young lieutenant who had just ridden up on a high-spirited horse in time to hear the end of the sentence.

"What is the reason for Monsieur's

desire to gain this information?" he asked, wheeling round so that he completely blocked the road.

"I might reply that that is my affair," Fawley declared. "I really do not see why I should be questioned in this fashion. I have a map in my hand which clearly indicates this as a public thoroughfare."

THE lieutenant made a sign. The sergeant mounted on one footboard, the private on the other.

"Go backwards in reverse," Fawley was ordered. "Take the narrow turning to the right about thirty meters back."

"Where will it lead me?" Fawley asked doubtfully.

"You will find out when you get there," was the curt reply. "If you hesitate I shall have to ask you to consider yourself under arrest."

Fawley, grumbling to himself all the time, obeyed orders. He found himself, after a climb of a couple of kilometers, along a road which commenced in villainous fashion but the latter portion of which was smooth and beautifully engi-

"This is most intriguing," Berati observed. "I gather then that you refuse to tell me her name"



"I joined my wife's guests chiefly to see whether you showed any embarrassment"

neered, in front of a recently built white stone house around which a considerable clearing had been made. A sentry stood in front of the door. The lieutenant, who had galloped on ahead, had disappeared into the house. Fawley rose to his feet. "Is this where I get out?" he asked.

"On the contrary, you remain where you are," the sergeant replied gruffly. "Our lieutenant is now interviewing the commandant."

FAWLEY lit a cigarette and gazed down the avenue of fallen pines to the broken country beyond, the bare peaks fading into the mist with the background of snow-capped ridges incredibly near.

"A trifle wild here," Fawley remarked. "You seem to have cut down a great many trees. You use a lot of timber in the army, I suppose."

The sergeant maintained a scornful silence. The private grinned. The horizon was suddenly blurred. A few flakes of sleet began to fall.

"Any objection to my putting up the hood?" Fawley asked, shivering.

The sergeant pointed to the house.

"You will be warm enough in there," he said. "Monsieur le Lieutenant is coming now."

(Continued on page 26)

Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

LONELY and completely disillusioned by the squalid home she finds in San Francisco after five happy years in a Canadian convent, Tamara Todhunter meets Maynard Mallory, a rising film star. Mallory is handsome—a man of the world; Tamara's fresh, unspoiled beauty attracts him. He diverts her from the living horror of her home: her aging, shiftless mother; her wastrel brother, Lance; her sister, Coral, involved with one man after another. . . . And, finally, he tells her that he loves her. Tam, without experience, blindly gives him her heart.

After happy weeks Tam finds herself suddenly alone; Mallory is called back to Hollywood for an important part. Fear strikes at her then for the first time. Mallory has not said when they would be married. . . .

And they are not married. The weeks pass into months, and Mallory does not write, and Tamara Todhunter finds herself faced by an unalterable truth: she has been tricked. Until she meets, by accident, gentle Mother Laurence of her convent days, all hope is gone.

Mother Laurence hears her story, tells her not to worry. And in a few days Tam finds herself in a lovely, rambling old house in the country. The owner is a Mrs. Hutton, a girlhood friend of the nun.

Mary Hutton accepts Tam as her own daughter, and on Christmas Day Tamara Todhunter's baby girl is born. . . .

When her strength has returned Tam leaves her child with Mrs. Hutton and goes back to San Francisco. She quickly secures a place with a stock company, and eight years slip past. Then she meets a man who attracts her. He is a lawyer, brilliant—but dissipated. . . .

Almost fearfully Tam fights against the attraction, but George Davis is persistent. One day after he has left her dressing-room, Tam finds an old-fashioned watch. One look at the back of it and her face changes. Her thoughts flash back to a strange story told her by Mary Hutton years before—the story of her dead boy, driven from home by his stepfather. . . .

"George," Tam says when they meet that night, "you are going to be a man!"

He lifts her hand to his lips reverently. "That's for you to say, Tam," he replies soberly.

VI

SHE sat in his hotel room and studied him. George Davis lay sound asleep, breathing heavily.

The tumbled bedclothes, the atmosphere of the dreadful apartment, suggested to Tamara that he had had a sleepless night.

Fresh and young and firm in her plain dress and small hat, Tam waited. After a while she said again, "George."

He roused, as he had before, made an even more desperate effort to awaken, eyed her heavily and subsided again. But this time he did not quite get back to sleep; one eye opened suspiciously, both eyes opened. He sat up with an effect of bewilderment, horror, alarm, and looked at her.

"Miss—Miss—Tamara, how'd you get here? What happened? Why'd they let you upstairs?"

"I wanted to remind you of your engagement with Judge Lippincott," Tamara said.

"My—my—good Lord, you oughtn't be here!" the man stammered, reaching for his dressing-gown. "Wait until I fix my hair—you ought to have waited downstairs! This room—"

Tamara looked about her. She had

seen such rooms before. A hotel room devoid of personality, of charm, of the simplest sort of comfort. Dreary, stringy curtains at a window that looked down into a dreary city street; dark, dirty carpet; dark, cheap chairs and table; flat, thin bed. It was the more depressing, this particular room, because it was dusty, and a man's belongings were strewn over it with complete indifference to order or fitness. A radio, a phonograph, tobacco ashes, letters, books, cravats and socks were everywhere, and on the bureau were sticky glasses and a cup with coffee long cooled within it.

"You didn't come here to remind me of my date?" George demanded, brushing his hair in embarrassment, kicking garments and other miscellaneous matters out of sight under the bed.

"I tried to telephone you twice. They said you didn't answer."

HIS hair was slickly brushed now and he looked better. Wrapping the Chinese robe tightly about him, he sat down on the foot of the bed.

"Of course I think this was a swell thing for you to do," he said confusedly. "But—but this is a rotten hotel—I'm sorry to have you find me here."

"I'm surprised myself that you would live here," said Tam. "Well, you're awake now, and I can go. Be sure you meet me at the St. Francis at twelve and we can talk about the case."



He sat up with an effect of bewilderment. "How'd you get here? What happened?" "I wanted to remind you of your engagement," Tamara said

ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD

"How d'you mean you're surprised that I live here?"

"It doesn't," the woman said mildly, "seem the sort of place that you would live in."

"You don't really know anything about me, you know," George, speaking a little gruffly, reminded her at the door. "You don't know the sort of places I've lived in."

"No, I don't suppose I do." Tam's eyes were very blue as she raised them thoughtfully to his; her freshness, her sweetness, her firm, fragrant youth shone in the dark, cheap hall. "Good luck!" she said, going. "I'll see you at twelve! But will I really see you at twelve?" Tam added to herself, as she went down into the dreadful lobby and to the street. "If he keeps his word to me, just this time and next time, I will have some hope for him!" she thought.

A little more than an hour later she went into the big hotel to find him waiting, groomed, well-dressed, looking ten years younger than she had ever seen him look before. They walked into the lunchroom together and he ordered the meal, their first together, with an expertness and easiness that made the simple little occasion somehow seem like a party. "Perhaps," Tam reflected, "he's the sort of person who makes anything seem like a party. You did that nicely," she said approvingly, aloud.

"Did what?"

"Ordered our things. And somehow I knew that was one of the things you could do," Tam said.

"Order a meal? Yes, I can do that," he conceded. "I've been thinking ever since of what you did this morning," he added suddenly. "It was one of the nicest things that ever happened to me. Only I'm sorry you came to the Viceroy. It's respectable enough, I guess. But it's not your sort. I oughtn't to be there, but Moore will cash my checks and give me all the credit I want and it's easy to stay on."

"YOU ought to move. Nobody could get anywhere, living in a place like that."

"What did you say?"

"I say that it isn't the right sort of place to be."

"And do you—do you always run people's affairs like this?" he asked, with a little air of amusement that somehow did not hide a deeper feeling of quick, hurt pride behind it.

"Not always."

"Then why mine?"

"You don't like me to?"

"On the contrary," he said, "I like it better than anything that's ever happened to me. But I'm not thinking of me. I'm thinking of you. Hundreds of men are in love with you; every man in this room now knows that you're Tamara Todhunter. You don't have to shake your head and look innocent. I



know how they fall for an actress. What—what makes you so decent to me?"

"I thought you were resenting it just now."

"You know damn' well I wasn't resenting it. You know damn' well that it gets me." He lowered his tone, spoke quickly, almost ashamedly. "I told you last night that you're the sweetest and finest woman I've ever known," he said honestly, almost gruffly. "I haven't a chance with you; I know that. I'm not such a fool that I don't know that—"

Tamara studied him in silence for a full minute after his somewhat incoherent voice had died away. Then she turned to her oysters and did not speak again until she had finished them.

"Very few men are in love with me, as a matter of fact," she said after a while. "Men don't follow up a woman who has absolutely no interest in them. I don't very often meet the sort of men on whom I'm willing to waste time. It sounds snobbish; I don't mean it that way. I mean that when a nice college boy falls in love with me, and comes back-stage and brings me gardenias, I simply haven't the time or energy for him. I'm twenty-eight, and I've played sixty-two parts in the eight years I've been on the stage."

"You aren't twenty-eight."

"I am. A tired, overworked, unromantic twenty-eight!"

"You found the time and energy to

come and wake me up this morning," George said. "Why?"

"Mightn't it be because you and I seemed to talk the same language at the dinner Sunday night? Mightn't a woman," Tam said, "look at a man and say to herself, 'Ah, if this had been different, and that had been different—if he were twenty-three and just graduated from the Naval Academy, and I were eighteen and had just inherited Uncle Roger's money, what fun life could be!'"

GEORGE pushed his fish away from him untasted. Tam had begun and finished her lunch of an oyster stew, and was now playing with a pot of hot, thin tea and a brown cracker. She looked at him over the top of her cup, nursery fashion.

"Ah, well, I wish I hadn't ever met you," George said lightly.

"I was wondering what my own answer to that question would be, lying awake in the night," Tam answered innocently.

"Why should you lie awake in the night over me?"

"I don't know, George," she said simply.

"I wish I hadn't ever met you," he said again, levelly and succinctly. "I'm going away in a few weeks, but I'll never forget you. Coming to my room this morning, sitting there looking like a young duchess, with your flowers and

your red-and-black hat, you made me feel—you made me feel as I never wanted to feel again. I don't think I'll see you again—I don't want to—"

"Why do you talk that way?" Tamara asked, in a silence. "Why do you talk as if life were so hard and dramatic? I don't believe it is. Why shouldn't you and I be friends, George? You haven't any idea how I want a man for a friend!"

"Shut up, Tam," he said, sitting back, and there was another pause. "You don't want my kind of man for a friend," he said somewhat thickly, after a moment.

"Why not?"

"Because you're everything that's lovely and young and good, and I'm not," the man said abruptly.

"I don't think that would matter even if it were true."

"It's one of the few things that does matter," the man said briefly. He presently jerked his square shoulders, looked at her with a smile, returned to commonplaces. "I want to tell you about this case," he said.

"Oh, did you get it?"

"It wasn't so much a question of my getting it. It's just that Judge Lippincott and the junior partner, Dick Martell, want me to go to Los Angeles and clear up some things about it."

"And should you like that?" No sister could have put the question with a more affectionate interest shining in her eyes. The man looked long at her. Tam repeated her words.

"WHY are you being so kind to me?" George said, narrowing his eyes. "I tell you it's dangerous. I can't stand it. To be lunching here with the prettiest and the cleverest woman in the room—"

"To be losing my job!" Tam said, rising precipitously. "It's half past one and I open the show! 'Forgive the interruption, Lamartine!'" She gathered her possessions together. They hurried through the passage to the Geary Street door, laughing together.

"May I come in between the shows, Tam?"

"Yes, but not too early. I like to lie flat for an hour. Come in about half-past six and we'll send out for milk and sandwiches as we did Thursday."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward—oh, you don't know that. We've known each other less than a week or you'd know," Tam said, clinging to his arm as they crossed a street hurriedly ahead of the traffic, "you'd know that I go down to the country for a rest every Saturday night, and vegetate all day Sunday. I have an Aunt Mary, and a niece, and we have two dogs and quails and chickens, and I have great sessions in the garden. So I won't see you until Monday."

"Monday!" he said, so blankly that she laughed.

"Monday I'll come in early, as a special concession, and have lunch with you again."

"Wouldn't your aunt let me come down if I behaved terribly well?"

"She might, but I wouldn't. Nobody's ever found me, and nobody ever will. It's my salvation, George. Don't grudge it to me."

"There isn't a handsome young cousin down there making love to you?"

"Oh, horrors, no! That would spoil everything."

"Well," he said, "if I go south I may have to go tomorrow night, so it isn't so bad. But I'll be back in ten days, anyway."

"And come in between shows!" Tam called after him, before she disappeared at her dressing-room. When she awakened from a nap at six, Mariella reported that Mr. Davis was waiting. Tam's heart beat a little faster at the news, and a queer little smile twitched

at her mouth. But she had all the innocent airs of a sleepy, rosy child as she admitted him, and their talk for a while was casual and desultory. "But somehow—now, why is it?—I like to talk to you, George!" Tam told him. She saw his handsome face flush with pleasure and confusion as she said it, and in her heart she mused surprisedly, "Am I really beginning to like him?"

WHEN the sandwiches and milk were almost finished, and Mariella had slipped out to get her own supper at some counter in the neighborhood, George said, "There's something I want to say to you. May I?"

Tamara was in the cream-colored breeches and buckled shoes again; she wore over the ducal shirt with its ruffled wrists a soft old kimono. She was carefully combing and plastering her hair into place.

"Go ahead," she said, turning about in interest.

"We've known each other since Sunday night—six days," George began. "I'd heard of you before that, and a long while back I saw you play something—oh, something—your husband was a Scotch clergyman and you were a gypsy—"

"Little Minister."

"That was it. When'd you play that?"

"About three months ago."

"I remember thinking that you were pretty—well, anyway, I've got way past that. What I mean is—I've lived more in this one week than in any year I ever remember!"

"You really feel so?"

"Now, I'm not going to bore you with a lot of personal history," the man said. "I only want to say this: I'm not as bad as I look, Tam; I'm not as bad as you think I am. I've been drinking a lot since I came up north, and everyone's only too ready to think—well, that doesn't matter either. But this does—this is what I want to say—"

"I had a long talk with Lippincott today and I'll tell you why I had it. Because you came in and waked me up this morning; that's why. Nobody's done anything like that for me for a good many years. There haven't been any women in the wreck; I've no use for 'em! All day the thought of you sitting there, so decent and fresh and friendly—well, that isn't what I meant to say, either."

"I've been walking in the park all afternoon. I haven't had a drink today. You think I can't get along without it. I never miss it. I never drink by myself; it's always some of the fellows—some party. And I've been thinking something out all day."

"Here's what I've been thinking: Suppose—will you let me suppose that a man like myself loved a woman like you, just to illustrate? Suppose that he stopped drinking, got into a decent firm, worked hard, forgot the mess he'd made of everything?"

TAM, hanging over the back of her chair, looked at him thoughtfully.

"How would he know that he could stop drinking and give up everything?"

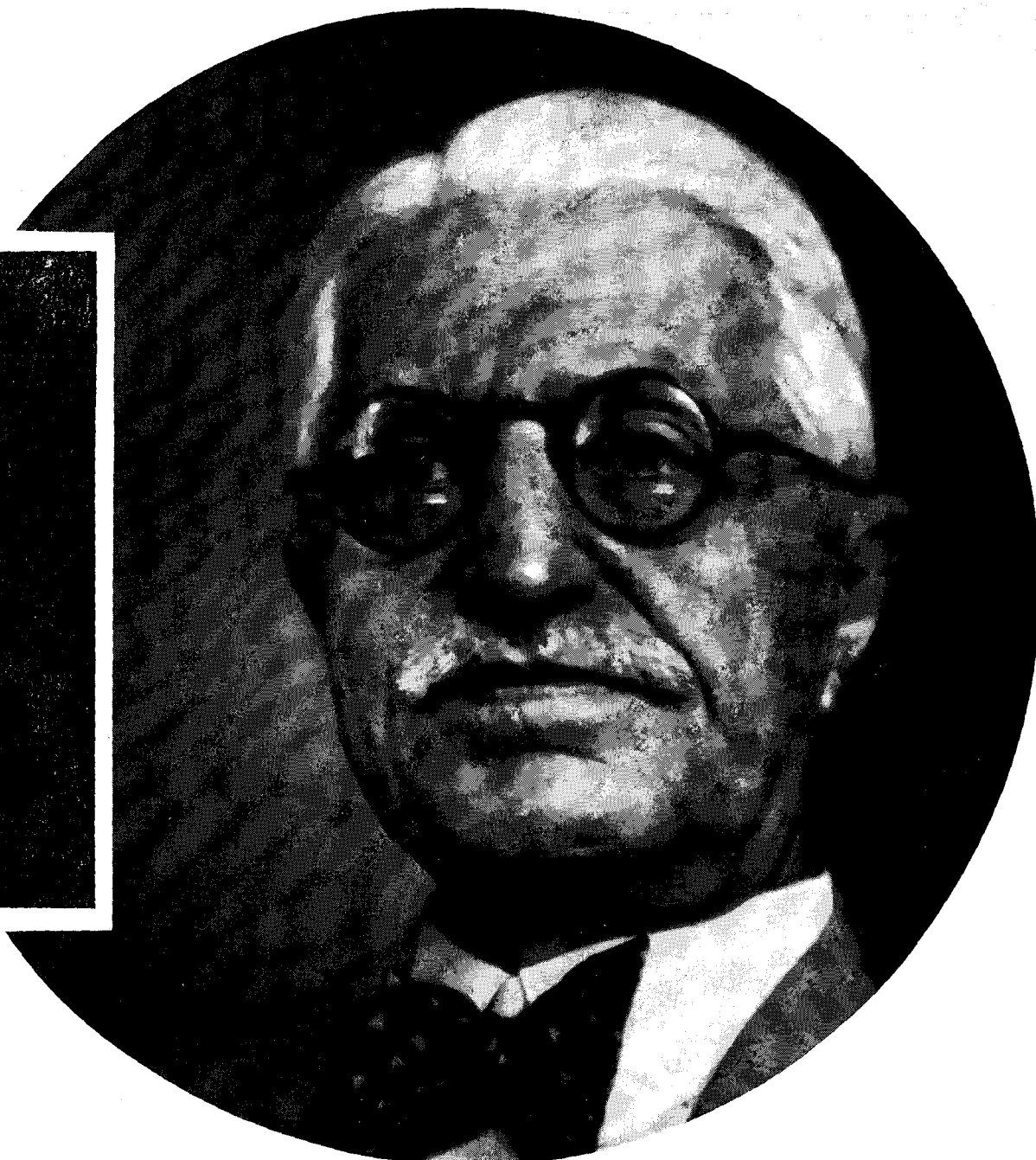
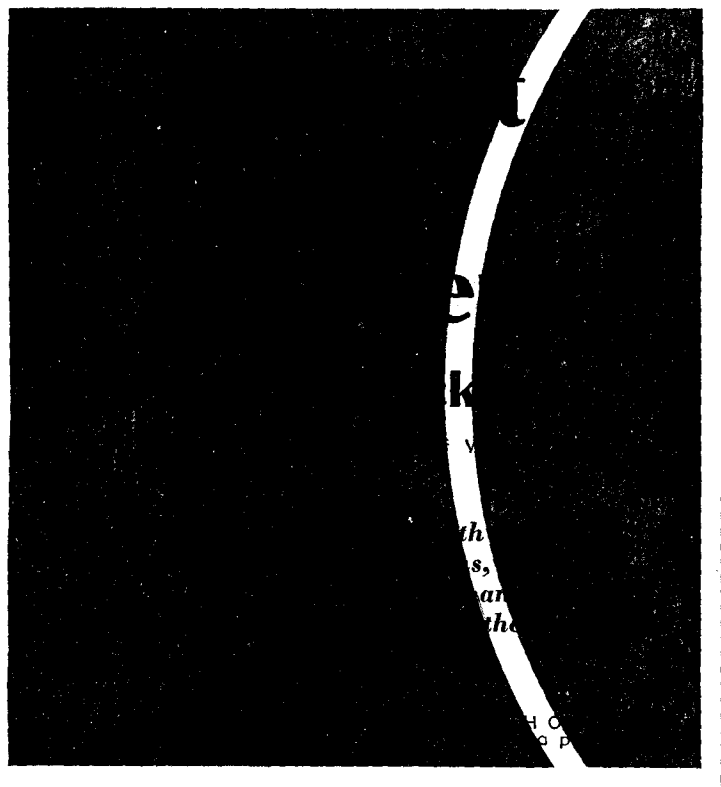
"He would do it for her and never know he was doing it!" the man said, his voice suddenly thick.

"So men always say."

"Yep, so they always say," George repeated, with an air of sudden withdrawal, sudden discouragement. He said nothing more, and Tam, also silent, turned about and went on with her make-up. . . .

But when he came back from the south ten days later, he came to see her at once, and again they lunched together, and went afterward for a long walk in the park. The weeks began to slip by and it was summer, and Mary

(Continued on page 42)



WILLIAM HERMAN MORAN'S job as chief of the United States Secret Service would be a lot easier if Presidents did not cherish the quaint notion that they would have made better detectives than statesmen had they gone in for chasing criminals instead of politicians. Almost every one of the ten Chief Executives he has served under has been a devotee of detective stories, although lacking the patience of the average reader and the Moran-trained sleuth. Sometimes the chief's men who guard the President have been invited to read a few chapters of his favorite mystery novel or murder serial, and asked to furnish a solution before the author got around to it.

President Roosevelt maintains the best criminal traditions of the White House. Early in his Washington career he became fascinated with the service's accomplishments. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he helped to pluck code messages of the warring powers from the air and turn them over to the Secret Service for use in their spy, sabotage and propaganda hunt. His interest has never lessened. On the day that Chief Moran sailed for Hawaii to check advance preparations for the President's protection, and to make sure that nobody would slip him a bogus bill, the library of 300 books carried aboard the Houston contained 50 detective stories. It was a sign of another White House sleuth on the job.

Chief Moran does not indulge in this presidential pastime. He hasn't much use for the gum-shoe characters of fiction. He and his men are utterly unlike the popular conception of Secret Service agents, a fact which ought to but doesn't discourage Presidents in their extracurricular reading. Although they utilize all scientific aids when the circumstances of a crime necessitate it, they don't allow themselves to become enmeshed in anti-crime machinery. They don't prowl and steal about with a tape measure in one fist, a periscope in the other, cameras in

their pockets, false whiskers and rubber soles.

The Secret Service is rightly named. The public rarely sees or hears of it, for it dodges headlines and photographers. Mr. Moran is better known in church than in criminal circles. His Sabbath activities as deacon of a cozy Presbyterian church, where he sang hymns as bass in the choir for many years, are more publicized than his exploits as Uncle Sam's veteran sleuth over a period of fifty-two years. Like him, his staff of a few hundred men stationed here and there around the country lives in self-imposed shadows, as all good detectives should.

Just Common-Sense Sleuthing

Directing his "boys" from a plain walnut desk in the Treasury Building, he has no set notions on catching criminals. He entered the service in 1882, which was the "Nick Carter" period of bizarre and picturesque sleuthing—a day when senators and chief justices, riding to work in bumpy street cars, forgot to surrender their seats to bustling, mid-Victorian ladies because their eyes were glued to the pages of their nickel novels. Although the paths and the paraphernalia of crime have shifted many times since then, Mr. Moran offers no single, sure-fire recipe for good detective work. He insists that skill, experience, perseverance and common sense—mostly the latter—will, in the long run, defeat the smartest crook.

William Herman Moran, chief of the United States Secret Service, who doesn't believe in Nick Carter methods of sleuthing

The smarter they are, in his opinion, the more do these simple, fundamental qualities hold. He believes that the instinctive criminal is harder to outwit than the supposedly intellectual type. The cold, rational, criminal planners erect so many safeguards against pursuit that they stand like beacons to the authorities, and one of these faulty, artificial defenses is almost sure to crack. This also applies to men who, through astute advice, hide behind legal barriers. Nobody, for instance, seemed to have buried his tracks more deeply, more perfectly, than the principal and minor figures in the second and major act of the Teapot Dome drama—the use of the Continental Trading Company of Canada as an alleged medium for rewarding Albert B. Fall for leasing valuable naval tracts to Harry Sinclair. Although the late Senator Tom Walsh had fished up the "little black bag," and unearthed scandals blasting office boys and Cabinet members of the Harding administration, the Senate sleuths wound up their investigation without the slightest knowledge of this corporation's existence or purpose.

On the basis of a mere suspicion entertained by government prosecutors, Chief Moran set out to prove that this corporation was organized by four oil men, including Sinclair; that it cleaned up about \$3,000,000 from an inter-company oil deal; and that some of the company's dividends paid out in the form of Liberty bonds had reached Fall.

It was a cold, five-year-old trail. The semi-mythical corporation and all its records had been destroyed as if by a death ray. The Liberty bonds supposed to have figured in the transaction had long before passed into the labyrinthian channels of trade and finance, moving along from individual to individual and bank to bank in the form of loans, sales, dividends, collateral. Even their numbers were unknown when the Secret Service, by specific Senate selection, was enlisted.

But Persistence Got Results

Chief Moran spread his men in a silent skirmish line across the United States and Canada. They placed every suspect under surveillance. They scrutinized records in New York and Montreal, and hung around banks in the Southwest where Fall deposited his money. But the enterprise, if there had been any, had disappeared with all on board. For months the daily reports reaching the chief's desk recited a story of failure. Meanwhile, the time was approaching when the government must go to trial with a pitiful supply of evidence.

One morning there was a stir in the big, bright office facing the eastern wing of the White House. Even the placid, fatherly Moran caught the contagion of the excitement; his dark brown eyes shone and his snowy hair overhung his forehead more crisply

(Continued on page 45)

CONTRAST MAKES THE COLD MEAL BRIGHTER

... AND ADDS THE NEEDED ONE-HOT-DISH!

Certainly in these warm days the appetite may be forgiven if it luxuriates among the cool attractions of the summertime table. Indeed, indulgence in these seasonable temptations is as inevitable as it is delightful and refreshing. And any device of the clever meal-planner which increases the enjoyment of summer's frigid eatables is bound to meet with your appetite's whole-hearted approval.

For the all-cold meal, grateful though it is in torrid weather, is in special danger of striking a dead level of monotony, and of lacking that sprightly variety of effect which is so pleasing to the taste. Hence it is that the skilled meal-planner, the trained dietitian, the food expert "tuck in" a hot dish among the cold meats and salads, the iced beverages and desserts of the summer luncheon, dinner, supper.

Especially favored and appropriate for this important feature of the well-planned summer meal is Soup.

It's the old, old principle of contrast—just as effective with food as in the fine arts.

« [Cool menus for warm days] »

LUNCHEONS

1	2	3
Tomato Soup (hot)	Cream of Tomato (hot)	Tomato Soup (hot)
Egg Salad Sandwiches on	Toasted Rolls	Brown Bread with Spread-
Whole Wheat Bread	Fresh Peach and	ing Yellow Cheese and
Cherries	Blackberry Salad	Olive Sandwiches
Iced Tea	Iced Tea	Prune Whip
		Iced Tea

SUPPERS

1	2	3 (as illustrated below)
Tomato Soup (hot)	Tomato Soup (hot)	Cream of Tomato (hot)
Salad of Diced Tongue,	Whole Wheat Crackers	Cold Sliced Ham Loaf
Cooked Potatoes,	with Cheese Spread	Jellied Beet Salad
Peas and Diced Celery	Cold Boiled Salmon	Celery Stuffed with
Whole Wheat Bread	Potato Chips	Cream Cheese
and Butter	Pea and Radish Salad	Whole Wheat Bread
Latticed Rhubarb Pie	Baked Peaches	Butter
Iced Coffee	Spice Cake	Gingerbread with
	Iced Coffee	Whipped Cream
		Iced Coffee

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mushroom (Cream of)
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Noodle with chicken
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



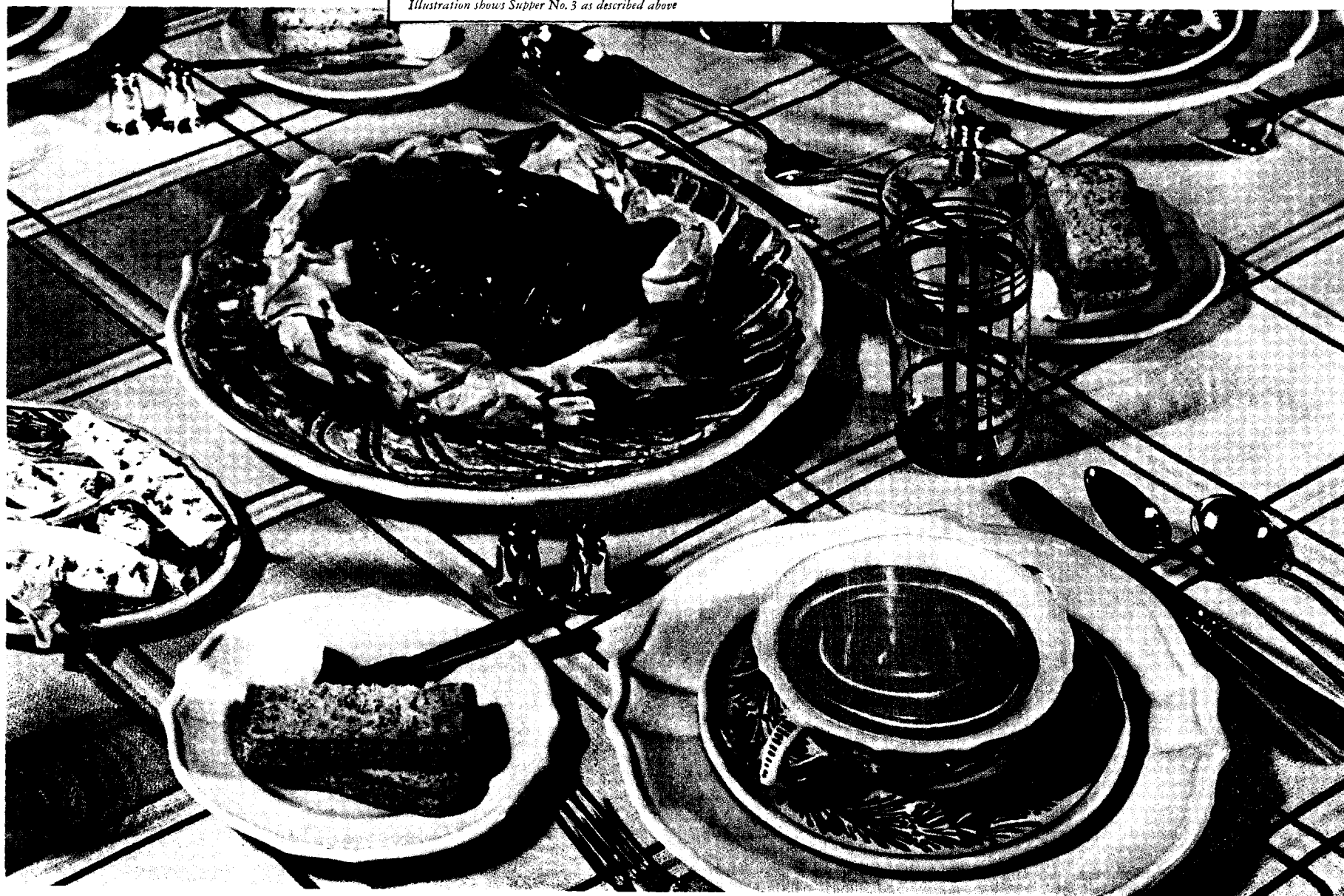
Illustration shows Supper No. 3 as described above

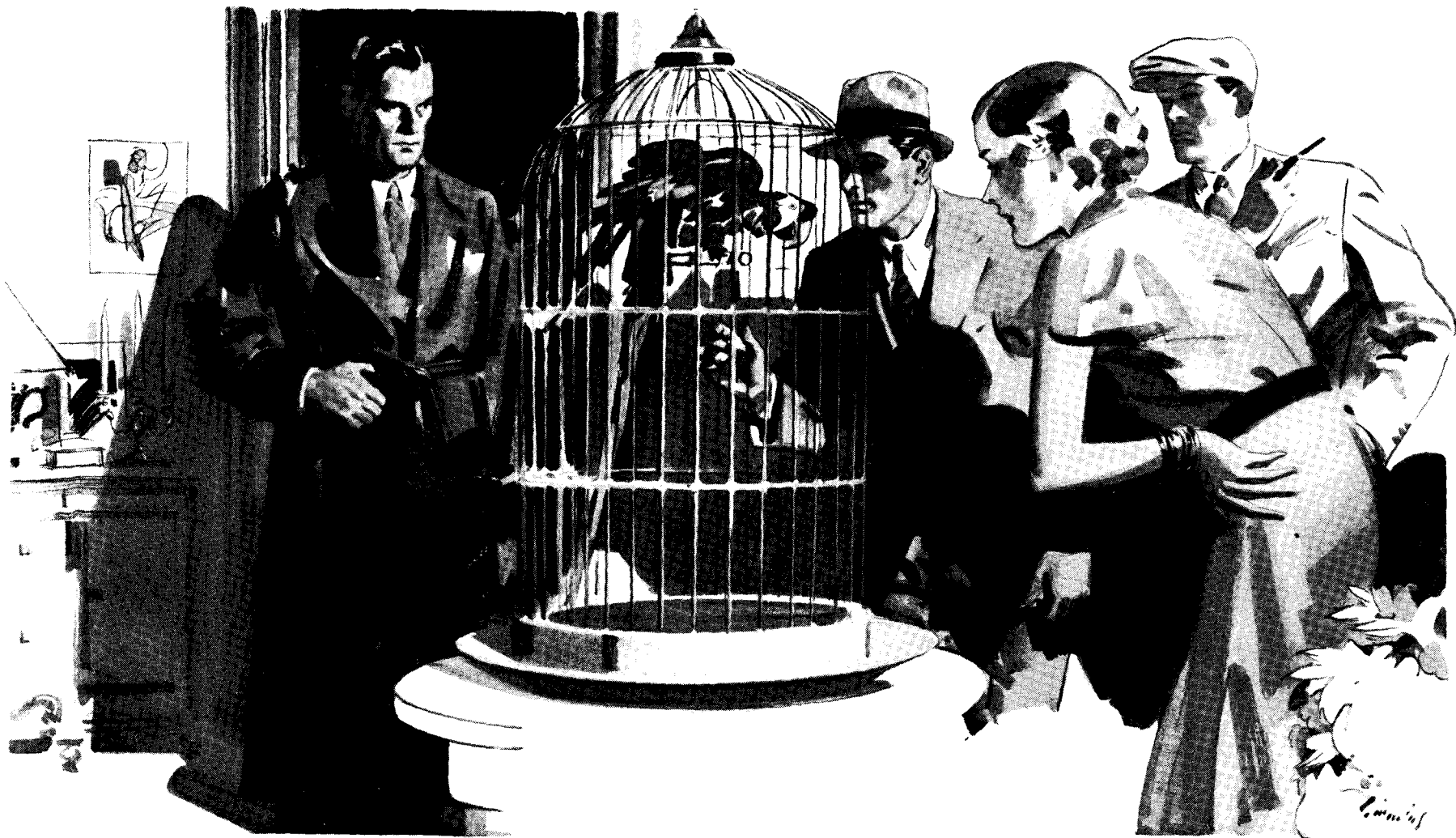
The cold foods are all the more alluring and refreshing after a delicious hot soup has given its dash of invigoration and energy to the appetite.

The flavor sense needs encouragement, should be aroused and made eager, if so many cold foods and beverages are to be completely enjoyed. Soup has exactly this desired effect. Bear in mind also that your digestion is taxed in summer by the eating of so many cold foods in such constant succession. Soup actively promotes digestion and aids in the assimilation of this formidable array of cold foods.

Let Campbell's Tomato Soup add its sparkle and brilliance to many of your summer meals. Served as Tomato Soup by adding water or as Cream of Tomato by adding milk, it is always a high spot in any meal.

And remember that Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness—double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost. Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.





"Hey, buddy," O'Malley said to the macaw, "who knocked your lady off?"

Just One Witness

ALL I know about this case," said O'Malley, "is I wish I wasn't on it. It's one of them trunk murders. A steamer stirred up the Hudson River and a trunk come up. It had a woman in it. It looked like a theatrical trunk, so they asked around at theaters and found out her name was Miss Elling and she kept a rooming-house for theater people. Some cops been working on this and can't prove who killed her; so now they put some more cops on. I'm one of 'em."

"What else do they know about it?" I inquired.

"They can't find her jewelry."

"Anybody who killed her for her jewelry wouldn't have taken the trouble to carry her away in a trunk."

"They might. This lady was going to Boston. These theater people sleep all morning; so they woke up and she and her trunk were gone and they didn't think anything about it. If the trunk hadn't come up in the river, the Boston cops would have been working on this because they would have thought she disappeared in Boston. This case has been gone over a dozen times with no result; so I don't see how they think I'll have any luck with it."

"Have they any line on it at all?"

"The idea is a guy named Nelin killed her, but they haven't arrested him because they can't prove nothing. He's an actor."

One of the witnesses was a taxi driver who had carried the trunk. We called up the taxi company to locate him, and went and stood on the curb and talked with him.

"How was it about that trunk?" O'Malley asked.

"This was between five and six that morning," the taxi man stated. "I'm

What can a sleuth do when the only one who has seen a crime will do no talking? Query Mr. O'Malley—he should know

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

going back to the garage and it wasn't quite light yet and a guy stops me. He says he has a trunk and is going on a yacht, so I went with him. The trunk was in the second-floor hall, all packed. We bring it down and tied it on the cab without seeing anybody and I took him to the pier where he said the yacht was going to pick him up, and I left him and the trunk there."

"You get a good look at the guy?" O'Malley asked him.

"Well, I seen him. There wasn't much light in the hall and it was kind of dark outside. He was slim and about forty years old and his hair was some gray and he had a little gray mustache. I ain't sure it was this same guy Nelin the police took me to look at."

"It was the same trunk, though?"

"Yeh, I reco'nize the trunk, and the place the cops took me to was the house the trunk come from."

"WHY is it they suspect Nelin, O'Malley?" I asked.

"He is some like that description. This Miss Elling was on the stage one time, and she and Nelin went together then. She got money somewhere and

bought that house, and Nelin come and lived there. He's had no work and owed her money, and there was other things between 'em. I suppose we got to look at the house."

It was a brownstone house in the theater district. A plate on the door said "Martha Elling." A pretty blond girl about twenty-six years old, who said her name was Esther Leedy, was in charge there.

"How come you are looking after things here?" O'Malley asked.

"I'm Miss Elling's cousin."

"How long you lived here?"

"Several months. I and my husband are in vaudeville but we haven't had any work. I was going to look after the place while Miss Elling was away."

"You here the night she got killed?"

"No; I and my husband were spending the night with some friends in Brooklyn."

"Let's see that room."

Miss Leedy called her husband and they both went up with us. He was a good-looking young fellow about the same age she was. It was a second-floor room. The police had searched the room but had been careful not to disturb

anything. It was in as perfect order as it would have been left if Miss Elling had gone away. There was a macaw in a cage there. The macaw hopped around on his perch and made noises in his throat, excited at seeing people.

"This doesn't look like a room where a murder was committed," I stated.

"One was, though."

"How was Miss Elling killed?"

"She got strangled."

I took out my watch and looked at it.

"What time is it?" the macaw asked.

I was surprised, and Miss Leedy laughed.

"He's taught to do that," she told us.

"The way you teach them is you take out your watch and say, 'What time is it?' until the macaw gets to say it. After a while all you've got to do is take out your watch."

"The macaw here the night that lady got killed?" O'Malley asked.

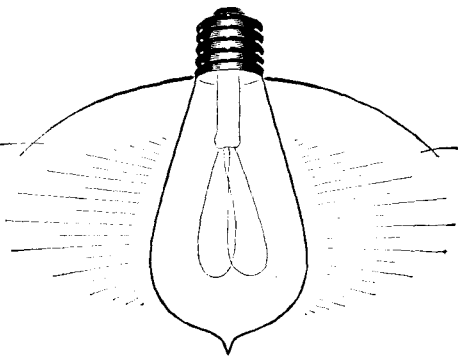
"Yes."

"HE'S a swell macaw. Hey, buddy," he said to the macaw, "you seen this murder. Who knocked your lady off?"

He opened the door of the cage and put his hand in to scratch the macaw's head, but the bird pecked at him. He shut the cage door. "Well, Miss Leedy, I got to talk to all the people in the house."

We went to the first floor and Miss Leedy and her husband went around telling the roomers we wanted to see them. It was only about noon, so they were still asleep. They came down and sat around in kimonos and bathrobes. There were more than twenty of them. I couldn't tell anything by studying Pat Nelin. There was an actor there, with

(Continued on page 29)



A WONDER OF YESTERDAY

*-another amusing memory
of Today!*



**GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS**

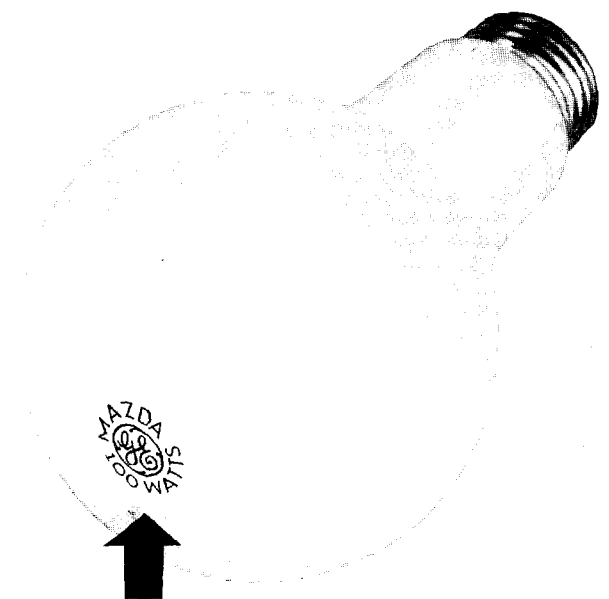
*A billion dollar
lighting saving that
research made possible*

Few people realize what constant lamp research and development, under the leadership of General Electric, has meant in reducing the cost of their light . . . That the lamp of a few decades ago—of even ten years ago—is as obsolete as the motoring thrills of yesterday.

Since 1906, over 100 major improvements have been made in General Electric MAZDA lamps. One of these improvements alone, the introduction of tungsten non-sag filaments, resulted in trebling the amount of light for the current consumed. Others have helped to reduce prices so that the modern General Electric MAZDA lamp costs less than one-half of what it did in 1921.

The combination of more light for the current consumed and lower lamp prices has resulted, in the last ten years alone, in a saving of over one billion dollars in the light bill of America.

General Electric is not alone in making good lamps. But *all* lamps offered for sale are not *good* lamps. Some waste current. They blacken prematurely. They burn out before they should. That is why General Electric urges buyers who want their money's worth of light to look for the famous  monogram when buying lamps. It is an easy and sure way to get *all* the benefits which General Electric has provided through constant and painstaking research. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



For good light at low cost always look for this mark.

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 19

The lieutenant approached them and motioned Fawley to descend.

"Colonel Dumesnil would like a word or two with you, Monsieur," he announced. "Will you be so good as to come this way? Sergeant!"

The sergeant's instructions were unspoken but obvious. He walked by Fawley's side and the steel of his unsheathed bayonet was very much in evidence. Fawley turned up his coat collar and swore softly.

"I shall never find my way down through this labyrinth of passes if you keep me here much longer," he grumbled. "Why does your commandant wish to speak to me?"

"That you will soon discover," the lieutenant answered shortly. "Let me advise you to answer his questions politely and without complaint. The colonel is not noted for his good temper. This way, please."

Fawley was ushered into what might have been an orderly room. Colonel Dumesnil looked up from his task of studying a pile of maps and watched the newcomer keenly. The former was a short man whose spurred riding boots scarcely reached the floor, but his face was stern and his steel-gray eyes and tone were alike menacing.

"Will you explain, sir, what you are doing on a military reservation?" he demanded.

"There is no secret about it," Fawley answered blandly. "I have been trying to discover the extent and nature of the new French fortifications."

No more unexpected reply could have been given. There was a dead silence. The colonel's face remained immovable but there was an ominous tapping of his fingers upon the desk.

"For what reason?"

Fawley shrugged his shoulders.

"If you insist upon knowing I suppose I had better tell you," he said, "but I don't want the thing to get about. There are some golf links about twelve kilometers from here at a place called Sospel. I have taken a great fancy to them and to the hotel and as I have a little capital to invest I thought of buying the lot. The one thing which makes me hesitate is that no one is willing or able to tell me where the new French fortifications and gun emplacements are situated, and until I know that I feel that my property might be utterly destroyed in case of war."

THERE was a further silence. Another officer who might have been the colonel's aid-de-camp crossed the room and whispered in his ear.

"You have corroborative evidence of what you are telling me?" the colonel asked.

"Any quantity," Fawley assured him confidently. "The mayor of the district, the committee of the old golf club, the late hotel proprietor and owner of the land, half the village of Sospel."

"Your name and passport."

Fawley produced them from his pocket and handed them across. The colonel examined them and his face relaxed.

"As an ex-military man, Major Fawley," he said, with a certain severity still in his tone, "you should have known that yours was a very dangerous enterprise. You should have applied to the authorities for any information you desired."

"I thought as mine was a civil enterprise," Fawley argued, "they might not notice me. All that I need is a little general information."

"There is none to be given," was the brusque reply. "Escort this gentleman to our boundaries, Lieutenant, and let me warn you, sir, not to be found in this locality again. This is from no lack of courtesy, Major Fawley. It is a matter of military necessity which I am amazed

that you should not already have realized and respected."

Fawley suffered himself to be led away. A soldier escorted him to the nearest village.

"Monsieur," were the man's parting words, "you would be wise to listen to a word of advice. Strangers are sometimes treated generously, as Monsieur has been, on their first visit to the nest in the mountains. The second visit means—death!"

FAWLEY, a few nights later, lay on his stomach in the midst of a crumpled heap of undergrowth on almost the topmost spur of the range of mountains eastward from Mont Agel and very little below the snow line. He was on the edge of a recently made clearing and the air was full of the odor of the sawn pine trunks lying about in every direction. The mists rolled over his head and the frozen rain stung his cheeks and pattered against his leather clothes.

It was the third moonless night of his almost concluded enterprise and there remained only one unsolved mystery. The six galleries were there visualized before his eyes. He knew the connecting points of each one and the whereabouts of most of the amazing battery of guns. He knew the entrances and roughly the exits to each. His work had been done with genius and good

fortune, yet it was incomplete. The seventh gallery! The key to all the positions. The seventh gallery, which must hold the wonder gun. Its exact whereabouts still eluded him.

The night before, the storm which had swept the mountains bare, which had driven even the guards and sentries into shelter, had been a godsend to him. In the roar of the elements and that blinding deluge of rain, the crashing of the trees and the hissing of the wind through the undergrowth and along the ground, he had abandoned caution. He had tramped steadily round from post to post. He had been within a few yards of the colonel's headquarters. He had even laid his hand on one of the guns, but it was not the gun he sought. He had worked it all out, though, by a process of elimination.

The main gallery, the control station and the supreme mystery, which was probably the mightiest anti-aircraft gun in the world, must be somewhere within a radius of about a hundred yards of where he was. It was information invaluable enough as it stood, but Fawley, through these long hours of darkness and peril, had conceived an almost passionate desire to solve the last enigma of this subterranean mountain fortress. The howling of the wind, which the night before had been his great aid, obscuring all sound and leav-

ing him free to roam about in the darkness in comparative safety, was now, he felt, robbing him of his chance. The special body of men of whom he was in search—he had discovered that many hours ago—worked only in the darkness, so that even the woodcutters should know nothing of their doings. They must be somewhere near now. . . . There were great piles of cement half carted away lying within fifty feet of where he was, barrels of mortar, light and heavy trucks. Somewhere close to him they must be working. . . .

THIS business of listening grew more hopeless. One of the trees in the wood, on the outskirts of which he lay, was creaking and roaring like a wild animal in pain. He raised himself slowly and carefully on one side and by straining his eyes he could catch the outlines of its boughs stretched out in fantastic fashion like great arms. He even heard the splinters go. Then, for the first time, he fancied he heard—not one voice but a hum of voices! His whole body stiffened—not with fear but with the realization of danger.

The voices seemed to come from below. He raised himself a little more—almost onto his knees. His eyeballs burned with the agony of the fruitless effort to penetrate the darkness. Below! In his brain at any rate there was light enough. He remembered the somewhat artificial appearance of the great masses of undergrowth amidst which he lay. Perhaps this Number Seven tunnel was underneath! Perhaps in seeking for shelter he had crept into a ready-made ambush. Then for some time he ceased to think and action became almost automatic.

Nothing in the orchestra of the howling wind, the crashing trees and the hollow echoes among the grim mountains had produced sound such as now seemed to split his eardrums. Within a few feet of him there came a crash which blotted out the whole world with a great barrier of sound. He felt his cheeks whipped, his body thrashed, the sense of an earthquake underneath him—the sense of falling. It took him only a second or two to realize what was happening. Within a few yards of him the tree which he had been watching had given up its fight with the rising wind and had crashed through the artificial roof on which he lay, down into the space below. He, too, was falling as the branches and shrubs on either side subsided.

HE FELL with his mind quite clear. He saw two men in the familiar uniform of the Chasseurs Alpins, their faces convulsed with amazed fear, flung to the ground by the trunk of the tree. It fell upon them so that Fawley, even in those wild seconds of excitement, was obliged to close his eyes. Their shrieking and yelling was all over in a moment. . . . Fawley himself fell sideways on to the platform of a smooth and shining cylindrical erection which was unlike anything he had ever seen before. There was nothing to which he could cling and almost at once he slid down on to the cement floor. Opposite him was the most astonished human being he had ever seen—a soldier, who had run to the assistance of the other two and was suddenly faced with the consciousness of Fawley's amazing appearance.

"*Sacré nom de Dieu!*" he called out, wringing his hands. "What is it, then, that has arrived? Is it an earthquake? Who are you?"

"Never mind. Stay where you are. Don't raise your hands."

One last sobbing cry went down and echoed from wall to wall of the passage. Fawley took one look under the tree and then turned his back.

(Continued on page 28)

Fish Stories

THERE was a time when we didn't know much about fish. We do now. Until we invited our readers to tell us their unusual experiences we had no idea how eccentric a fish can be. Now we are in a position to state with authority that:

There's nothing a fish likes better for a home than a keg, boot or umbrella. These kegs, boots and umbrellas are constantly being dragged to the surface, fish and all. This constitutes a fair catch.

Another well-thought-of practice among ambitious fish is to break a line but retain the hook until some expert angler succeeds in slipping his hook through its eye.

If you can get an eagle, hawk or duck to dispute your capture with a fisherman, more power to you. Failing that, you can always try jumping into the boat.

Those are the experiences that keep recurring. But we also read hundreds of unique ones. Our favorite is published below, for which Mr. Otto Hable of West St. Paul, Minnesota, receives \$25. Mrs. Charles Booth, Jr., of Martinsville, Virginia; Mil-lard F. Carriere of Franklinton, Louisiana, and Charles Layton of Youngstown, Ohio, receive \$15, \$10 and \$5 in the order named.

It was June 1932. The lake was called Tamarack, and my cabin was a quarter mile from that of the owner, a bent, white-haired man, a settler on the lake, he told me, since 1880. He lived alone, and each day he went to a pine grove and knelt at the side of his wife's grave, head bowed in prayer.

With the boat anchored one day, I was fishing deeper than usual. A slow, peculiar pull made me lift the line. A ponderous, struggling weight was on the hook, emerging finally as a huge, mossy turtle. While I was unhooking it I chanced to see a tag riveted to the shell near the tail. Scraping off scale and moss I found an inscription on copper: "Frank and Mary 1881."

I rowed to the old man's cottage. He looked sharply as I came up the path, the great turtle in my hands. "It has a tag," I said, "dated 1881—"

He started instantly from his chair, with trembling hands clutched the beast to his breast and sobbed: "1881—Mary—our wedding day—we put a tag on a turtle and let it go—"

Harold Lundstrom

Witness

Otto Hable

HOW CHRYSLER MOTORS PROTECTS THE TIME PAYMENT BUYER

WHEN you buy a car on "time payments" you want a finance service that assures you courtesy, consideration and adequate insurance protection at the lowest possible cost. Such a service is offered to you in the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan of automobile financing.

But how are you going to know when you are getting low cost financing with adequate insurance protection?

If you will apply the rule in the box at the right, you can tell to a penny, how much financing costs you under any plan. It is then a simple matter to see which car has the fairest and most reasonable financing charges.

When you buy a car on the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan your finance arrangements are backed by the experience and resources of the \$40,000,000 Commercial Credit Company. This Company is one of the pioneers in instalment financing. It employs more than 1800 trained people and has 142 offices and subsidiaries in the United States and Canada. It has financed nearly \$3,500,000,000 of various receivables.

Every car bought on our Official Plan is adequately insured against the hazards of fire, theft and collision. You receive an insurance policy written by one of the largest and soundest old line companies—giving you the necessary protection that you should have.

Compare financing charges and you will find that you can finance the purchase of a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler car as reasonably as you can any car. Investigate the finance company and you will find that none is more secure or more considerate of the buyer than Commercial Credit Company.

We urge you to find out what financing costs before you buy any car. Use the rule in the box. It is printed for your convenience and in keeping with the Chrysler Motors policy of open-and-above-board dealing on this important matter.

PAY NO MORE

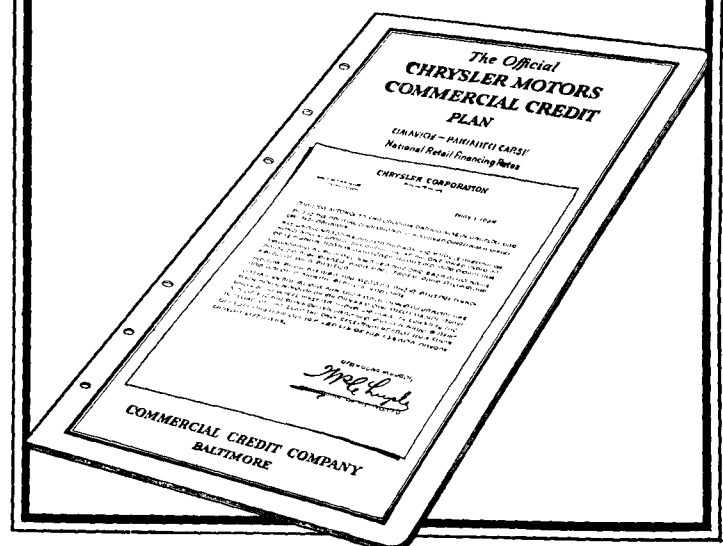
for financing than the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan calls for.

Check Cost This Way:

1. Write here the amount your dealer asks as down payment (this may include trade-in value of an old car). \$.....
2. Write here the total of all monthly payments required. \$.....
3. Add the two figures above. Their sum is the total cost of car including financing and insurance. \$.....
4. Write here the cash delivered price of the car. \$.....
5. Subtract amount No. 4 from amount No. 3 above. The result is the total cost of financing, including insurance*. \$.....

Then—compare this cost with the finance cost under the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan, and *pay no more* for the financing of your car purchase.

*Fire—Theft—Collision.



CHRYSLER MOTORS

**PLYMOUTH
DODGE
DE SOTO
CHRYSLER**



FORGET AFTER-SHAVE RAWNESS

Switch to Palmolive Shave Cream
... it's made with Olive Oil!

NOTE how much finer and fresher your face feels after a Palmolive shave! No sting. No burn. Not a sign of the usual after-shave irritation.

That's because olive oil, in just the right amount, goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream. And olive oil—as Jacques De Trevieres and thousands of athletes, trainers, skin specialists and barbers know—can't be equaled for preventing skin irritation, for keeping skin in the pink of condition, firm, smooth and healthy.

You'll find, too, that Palmolive's remarkable *lotion-effect* tends to produce a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather. (One inch of cream from the tube makes 1 quart of lather!) This lather

stands up for a full 10 minutes on the face—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

New Low Price!

The large tube, formerly 35¢, is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for the largest-selling, most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny!

Get a tube of Palmolive today. Shave with it. In three minutes you'll know why we say: Just as it's the alcohol that makes repeal beer different, it's the olive oil that makes Palmolive different from any other shave cream you can buy!

Try the perfect finish to the perfect shave—Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc.



The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 26

"They are dead," he said. "You cannot help them. Listen. Is this gallery Number Seven?"

The chasseur pointed to the wall. There it was—a great sprawling seven.

"Which is the way out?" Fawley asked. He drew an automatic from his pocket.

The chasseur pointed again. His face was white. He looked almost as though he had had a stroke. His head was bleeding where one of the boughs had struck him. The tree lay like a great destroying octopus all over the place. Only one thing seemed to have survived untouched—the great machine with its metal cylinders and huge dynamos which might well have been some devilish contrivance of the nether world.

"Where do you come from?" the youth demanded.

Fawley raised his weapon. He had completely recovered his self-control.

"No more questions," he said curtly. "Give me your belt."

The soldier obeyed. Fawley's hand seemed as steady as a rock and the revolver, though small, was an ugly-looking affair.

"Put your hands out. Fold them together."

AGAIN the chasseur obeyed. Fawley tied them, then, leaning forward, he struck him lightly but firmly near the chin.

"That is for your good," he said as his victim stumbled backwards.

He turned away and crawled down the passage. There was no sentry but the wind had ceased its sobbing for a moment and from the road came the sound of voices and the hurrying of feet. Fawley, bent double, made his way through the rough piece of waste ground toward the edge of the precipice. Something seemed to have created an alarm and shots came from behind him, to which he paid no attention. A bullet whistled over his head. He only smiled. At the edge of the precipice he steadied himself: six hundred feet to scramble. Well, he had done it before.

He fell flat just in time to escape another bullet and then, with gloved hands and his thick leather clothes, he commenced the wild descent. Sometimes his feet slipped and he heard the crashing of the small boulders and stones which he had dislodged. He felt himself falling through space but each time a bump in the ground, or a bush, or a young pine sapling saved him. Once he hung over an absolutely sheer precipice, his legs dangling in the air, the trunk of the tree he clasped cracking and splintering in his hands. He pulled himself up again, made a little detour and felt the ground rise beneath his feet. As he descended lower and lower the wind and rain grew less, the cold decreased.

The time came when he found himself standing upright on the solid earth. Below him long stretches of wood still lay like black smudges of fallen clouds, but for a time, at any rate, he had reached a rough path down which he was able to scramble without difficulty. He took one pull at his flask and, in a dark spot with trees all around, one quick glance at his compass with the help of his flashlight. A sparsely planted wood was a godsend to him. He swung himself from trunk to trunk of the trees, his feet secure in the thick accumulation of pine needles below. When he emerged it was to face a flickering light from a small hamlet already astir. Before day-break he was in his car, clad in a rough knickerbocker suit, smoking a pipe, leaning nonchalantly back in his seat

and already well on his way down the great descent to the sea. . . .

Monsieur Carlotti, the very popular manager of the Hotel de France, was taking his usual morning promenade in the lounge of the hotel when Fawley drove up and entered. He welcomed his returning guest with a beaming smile.

"Monsieur has found the weather inclement, I fear," he remarked.

"Fiendish," was the emphatic reply. "No more of your mountains for me, Monsieur Carlotti. I have finished with them. Cagnes may be dull golf but it will be good enough for me."

Carlotti's eyes twinkled with comprehension.

"The telephones have been busy this morning," he observed. "There has been a great deal of disturbance and still is at the frontiers. The weather again without a doubt."

Fawley nodded.

"I shall not trouble the frontiers," he confided. "A few quiet days in this warmth will suit me better."

Carlotti bowed.

"It is good news for us," he declared. "If by chance," he added, as the two men neared the lift, "Monsieur should be in need of a golfing companion there is a Mr. Krust here who would like a game."

"Fix it up for me," Fawley replied. "Tomorrow or the next day—as soon as the weather gets decent."

The little man remained below, smiling and bowing. Fawley mounted to his apartments upon the second floor. The valet, whom he met in the corridor, threw open the doors and shutters.

"There have been telephone inquiries for Monsieur," he announced, pointing to some slips upon the table. "No letters."

"A hot bath—quickly," Fawley ordered. "As soon as you have turned the water on find the waiter and order coffee—a large pot—*café complet*."

THE valet bustled off. Fawley strolled into the room twenty minutes later in his dressing gown, a different man. The coffee was steaming upon the table, a delicious fragrance was in the air. He ordered more rolls and butter. In the act of serving himself he stopped abruptly. Upon his writing table, in a prominent position, was a blue envelope. He called to the valet.

"Henri," he pointed out, "that letter was not on my table when I went to my bath a few minutes ago."

"Certainly it was not, sir."

"Who has been in the room?"

"No one, sir, except the waiter who brought the coffee."

Fawley turned to the latter, who had just reappeared.

"Did you bring that note?" he asked. The man shook his head.

"Non, Monsieur," he replied. "I have not seen it before. Ten minutes ago when I first came it was not there."

Fawley made no further remark. He possessed himself of the note and turned to the valet.

"Send me the coiffeur," he ordered, "in twenty minutes. Afterward you might put me out a gray tweed suit and flannel shirt."

"No golf or tennis today, sir?"

Fawley shook his head. The man disappeared. Fawley poured out the coffee with his right hand. His left palm lay over the letter in the blue envelope. Just at that moment, without any previous warning, there came an almost peremptory knocking at the inside door of the salon.

(To be continued next week)

Just One Witness

Continued from page 24

a dissipated-looking face, named Alton, who was something like the description too. Neither of them had a mustache, but he might have shaved his off.

We didn't get anything. Nobody had heard noises the night of the murder or seen any stranger in the house. They yawned while we were questioning them.

"Well," O'Malley said, "we got one witness anyway. The macaw seen the murder, and the macaw can talk."

"But what he says," said Nelin, "doesn't mean anything."

"It might. I got an idea we might have the macaw there and do this murder over again."

They stopped yawning while they listened to him talk about reenacting the murder.

"It's an idea, anyway," I told O'Malley.

We went across the street. A plain-clothes man was drinking a cup of coffee in a little restaurant, and he and O'Malley talked together but I couldn't hear what they said. I understood the man was tailing Nelin.

"That cop got anything?" I asked.

"Nothing—the same as all the other cops."

"How about yourself?"

"I got the same as they have. It's right, I guess, that it was done by someone in the house, because they knew she was going to Boston and knew about the trunk; but it's tough because there are so many of them."

"Only Nelin and one other man," I said, "are anything like the taxi man's description."

"I stopped paying any attention to that description."

We went to the precinct station house. I thought O'Malley was going to arrange to have the murder acted over again, but he didn't do anything about it.

"I'll be going on," I told him in midafternoon.

"O. K."

The desk officer was phoning. "I don't know what this is," he said to O'Malley, "but I'm to tell you somebody's macaw has got loose."

WE GRABBED a cab. There was a small crowd in the street in front of the house and I saw several plain-clothes men among them, and the macaw was sitting on the edge of the roof. We ran into the house and got up where the macaw was. A number of people from the house were there.

"He won't let us get near him," Miss Leedy told us.

We tried to catch the macaw but he fluttered away onto the next roof, and then the next and the next, and finally he disappeared in the distance.

"There goes your witness, O'Malley!" I exclaimed.

"That's right. How did he get out?"

"I guess you didn't shut that cage door tight," Bert Leedy suggested.

"Gee, I'm dumb!" said O'Malley. "We'll send out an alarm for him, but probably how this will turn out somebody will get a swell macaw and not report finding him."

We went to headquarters and sent out an alarm for the macaw.

"What next?" I asked.

"Not anything. I'll let some other cop worry."

I saw him several times in the next few days, but he was working on a different case. They hadn't found the macaw. Then he called me up. I met him and we went to the rooming-house. The halls were full of cops. The roomers opened their doors and peeked out at

us and Nelin came out of his room and scowled at us and went back. We knocked at a door on the top floor and Leedy opened it.

"What now, flat-feet?" He grinned.

"We're going to search this room, brother."

They took the dresser and bed apart and poked long needles through the mattress and upholstery and took boards up in the floor. Under the closet floor they found the jewelry.

"Well, sap, we knew it was you that killed her," O'Malley told Leedy.

LEEDY was sullen now and white and frightened. They took him to the station house.

"It's queer he did it for that cheap jewelry," I remarked.

"Try and be a little smart," O'Malley urged me. "He only took the jewelry to make it look like robbery. Leedy and his wife had no work and come and lived with this Miss Elling and Leedy was no good; so she said her cousin could live here but Leedy had to go. Miss Elling owned this house and her cousin was her only relative. Leedy knocked her off so that his wife would inherit her property and he could keep on living here."

"Was Miss Leedy in it too?"

"No; it was him alone."

"He doesn't answer the description." I objected.

O'Malley showed me a photograph, several years old, of a vaudeville team. I had no difficulty in recognizing the girl as Miss Leedy, but I didn't know her partner; then I saw it was Leedy made up as a middle-aged man.

"The trouble with this case," said O'Malley, "was Miss Elling had lived a hard life and too many people might have knocked her off for too many different reasons; we couldn't find out about these people and we didn't know where to look. We didn't pay no attention to Leedy because we thought he had an alibi. He was in Brooklyn with his wife. These people are up all night and it didn't mean nothing suspicious to Miss Leedy that he went out some time before midnight and didn't get in till morning. I figure Leedy come over here and knocked Miss Elling off a little after theater-closing time when there'd be hardly anybody in the house, and he put her in the trunk. Then he had to wait till they come in and went to their rooms. He put on make-up and got rid of the trunk and went back to Brooklyn."

"So you solved it," I said, "in spite of losing the macaw."

"Do you just act dumb? I figured a guy that done a murder in front of a bird that could talk would be worried that the bird might repeat something it had heard, if he thought we had a way to make it speak. I told them people we would try that by acting out the murder, and I had a guy at a window across the street to watch what happened to the macaw. That bird was lucky; all Leedy done to him was turn him loose, but he wanted to make it seem it was an accident. When we knew Leedy was the one we had to figure on, we found out Miss Elling had no other relatives, and a cop dug up that picture of an act he and his wife used to put on but had stopped using; after that, we was able to work out how he done it and the motive."

"You made him point himself out to you very cleverly," I commended.

"Yeah? The smart guy was the macaw. But if they want to give me the credit instead of him, I'll take it."

WHISPER IT SOFTLY, BUT—

The lovely Miss X of
Park avenue has—



IT'S POLITELY CALLED
ATHLETE'S FOOT



THE poet's line, "she walks in beauty like the night," describes this young lady perfectly. Wherever she enters, all eyes pay homage to her youthful loveliness.

But between her toes she carries a shocking slur on daintiness. She has a nasty case of Athlete's Foot.

At first it was a very little itch. But it grew, and spread. The skin turned red, raw. Then dead-white and cracked open. Now she bravely hides it—but it has her worried.

And worse things are in store, unless the trouble is checked. For the pernicious fungus, *tinea trichophyton*, which causes Athlete's Foot, steadily bores deeper into the raw flesh. If neglected, serious, even fatal, infections may follow.

Kill the fungi before they
bore too deep

These insidious fungi may attack you any time, anywhere. For they lurk, literally by the BILLIONS, on the floors of shower baths, locker- and dressing-rooms, gyms, bath-houses—even in your own spick-and-span bathroom.

Examine the skin between, and beneath, your toes tonight. Is it red, wrinkled, angry-looking? Or moist with stickiness? Are there blisters, cracks, soreness? Any one of these danger signals calls for the immediate

application of cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

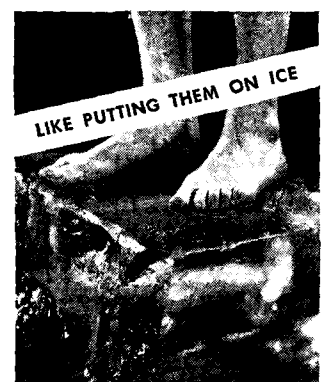
A fraction of a cent
per application

Absorbine Jr. has been tested in clinics and laboratories for its swift and safe ability to kill the fungi causing Athlete's Foot. It is so effective that only a few drops are needed per application. Douse it on morning and night. Note how cooling and soothing it is. Note how quickly your condition clears up. Absorbine Jr. soothes the raw, irritated tissues and helps them quickly to heal.

Protect yourself in time—get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. at your druggist's, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

When perspiring feet
feel tired, sore,
swollen

Ladies and gentlemen—golfers, salesmen, postmen, policemen, everybody! Here's the finest thing in the world for folks whose feet suffer like blazes from summer's high heat. Pull off those clammy damp socks, and douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Thousands say it's like putting those sweltering feet on ice. Absorbine Jr. is also wonderful for sunburn; an excellent antiseptic for insect bites.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises,
sprains, sleeplessness, SUNBURN



"Hey . . . wait!" Into the room strode Mr. Boulakalian, followed by Fireman Dunnevan

"Hi . . ." he said, without enthusiasm, "what you guys want?"

Seaman Linn was bland.

"Why, we just come over to say 'Howdy,' Jud. We . . . uh . . . seen where you posted notice to wed in the paper. It was the *Herald*, wasn't it, that we seen the article in, Tim?"

"Yerse."

SAMPSON breathed heavily through his mouth. He was a simple youth from Iowa. Fo'c'sle gossip had it that Sampson's father had died, leaving him a large farm. He was known to have saved his money while in the Service. His romance with Miss Perminta Schwenker, one of the belles of the Destroyer Force, had been followed with wonderment and a certain sympathy by the stout lads of the U. S. S. Trimble.

"It didn't come off," Sampson said. "I'm aimin' for to reënlist. What you guys want?"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged glances.

"It's a dirty shame, Sampson!" declared Fireman Dunnevan. "Is your heart broke?"

"Naw," said the stricken lover, snuf-

fling. "I found out about her and I'm better off. What you guys want?"

This somewhat ungracious statement caused Seaman Linn to shake his head.

"That is not no way to take it, Jud," he said. "Where'd Roosevelt be if he'd give up? I and Tim come over out of common humanity. We seen you was grieving and we couldn't pass a old shipmate by. Right, Tim?"

"Yerse!"

"If it's money you need, Sampson," the good Samaritan went on, "why, I and Tim could lend you some. We're flush. We just now won two hundred bucks betting on a race horse. Tim, how much could we lend Sampson?"

While Fireman Dunnevan was digesting this startling shift in the conversation, young Mr. Sampson came to life. He was deeply moved.

"Thanks, fellas, but I got money. It ain't that. It ain't that. Only she—" he gulped—"she ain't been on the level

with nobody. Not with nary a one!"

"Us boys told you, Sampson—"

"Now, now," Seaman Linn broke in earnestly. "Perminta has flighty ways and all that, but we got to be fair. Perminta's half Irish, you know, Tim." Fireman Dunnevan blinked.

"Yerse? Was it her pa or her ma?" "Her mother."

"The poor colleen," said Fireman Dunnevan emotionally. "No wonder she sashayed a bit. 'Tis the fair Irish spirit—"

"Oh, yeah?" burst out the distraught lover. "Oh, yeah? That's all you know. That's all you know. Irish spirit—hunh! Hunh!"

Fireman Dunnevan scowled.

"Yerse?" he said, ominously. "Yerse?"

Seaman Linn took command of the situation.

"Pipe down, Tim," he said. "Let's see what Jud has got to justify making such charges against Perminta. I know

Jud is a gentleman. He wouldn't make no charges like 'at, surely, if he wasn't in possession of the facts. I'm for Jud in this."

The statement broke down young Mr. Sampson's natural reticence and disarmed his Iowan suspicions.

"Well, I'll tell you guys," he said, "and you'll see who got the dirty deal."

PERMINTA SCHWENKER, he went on, was a Delilah. Perhaps also a Jezebel. Her and him had kept company for two years, barring two battle practices and a cruise to Panama. Several times he had caught her two-timing on him, but each time, being of a noble nature, he had forgive her. All talk agin her and even the warnings of Reverend Moss at the Seaman's Ark Mission, he had not paid no attention to. He was crazy for her.

Well, she had finally agreed to marry him and go back to the farm near Bloomfield, Ioway. But in the meantime, unbeknownst to Sampson, Perminta had quit her job in the Five-and-Ten and had went to work for a Turk or a Armenian or something named Mr. Boulakalian. It was at the Just-a-Min-

Sampson and Delilah

Continued from page 17

Because my
truck is bread
and shoes and
rent to me—

*I bought a
Studebaker*

"I AM one of 792 men hauling tires out of Akron to all parts of the country east of the Rocky Mountains. Two hundred and forty-three of us use Studebakers—and we certainly have it on the others.

"Most of us own the truck we drive—and whether we can pay rent and grocery bills and buy clothes for the children depends largely on the ability of that truck. It's bread and butter to us—sometimes life and death—that's why so many of us drive Studebakers.

"Millions of trucks are used only incidentally in the business of the owner. The manufacturer or the farmer or the department store doesn't make money solely because of trucks, nor is he apt to blame his trucks if he goes broke. Any make of truck is good enough to enable a

mistake in truck selection to be covered up or lost.

"But trucking is my whole business. I can't afford heavy repair bills. Every dime saved in gas and oil is a dime in my pocket. I can't afford break-downs. I must get through on time.

"Some of the fellows have tried buying the cheapest trucks. But they find that cheap trucks can't carry the loads and make the time and hold together. This work is too tough for them.

"The Studebaker is a truck that gives genuine quality in every part, yet is moderately priced. It has the finest truck engine ever built and the whole chassis sure can take it!

"That's why so many Studebaker trucks are bought by men like me—who make their living out of trucking."

Let Us Dissect a Studebaker for You

We will do it on your own desk—let you admire the striking masculine symmetry of its lines—show you why it has surplus power, the basis of matchless performance—prove the sturdy integrity of construction part by part. Mail the coupon.

Truck Manufacturers Sell Studebaker Trucks

Studebaker trucks are sold not only by Studebaker dealers, but also by these truck manufacturers: Nelson-LeMoon, Chicago; Ward-LaFrance, Elmira; Kleiber, San Francisco, and Autocar branches in Boston, Providence, New York, Brooklyn, Bronx, Newark, Atlantic City, Camden, Philadelphia, Reading, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Columbus, and St. Louis.

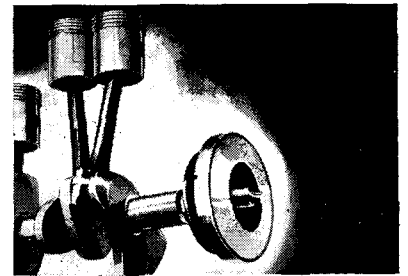
Lower Prices

Studebaker trucks, better in quality than ever before, are now an unprecedented VALUE for they are selling at the lowest prices in history, from the 3 to 4 ton chassis with a 110 horsepower engine at \$1795 to the 1½ to 2 ton at \$625.

What a truck!

The heart of a truck is its engine and Studebaker's 6 cylinder Champion Truck Engine has no peer. With 230 cubic inches displacement it develops 75 horsepower. At 1000 r.p.m. it yields 154 foot pounds torque. With aluminum cylinder head and 5.5 to 1 compression the engine delivers 80 horsepower and 162 foot pounds torque.

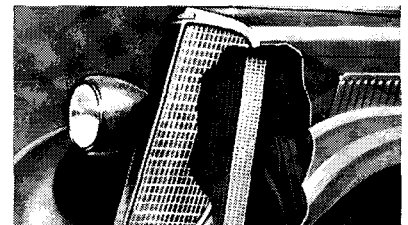
Contributing to the phenomenal performance of this engine are these features:



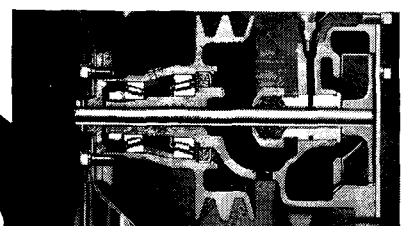
Cast iron pistons electro-plated with soft bearing metal. This plating permits closer initial fit, reduces possibility of piston seizure and adds thousands of miles to the life of the engine.



Both intake and exhaust valves are equipped with a valve spring damper which fits over valve spring to prevent erratic action at high speeds. This eliminates valve chatter and avoids burning of the valve seat and valve face caused by blow-by.



Fin and tube type radiator, easier to clean and repair, slanted for greater cooling efficiency. Frontal area—517 square inches. Four rows of cooling tubes in radiator core.

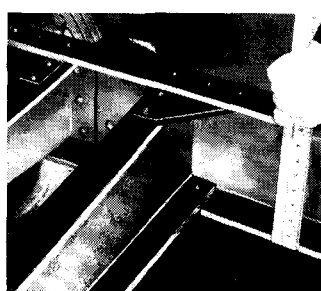


High capacity water pump of latest improved type. Capacity—52 gallons per minute. Two large tapered Timken roller bearings in the fan assembly for trouble-free performance.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS South Bend



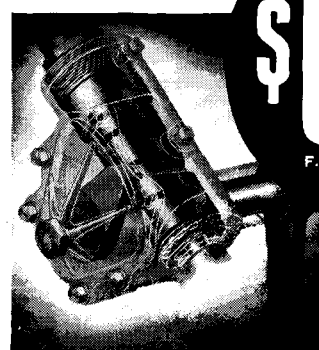
The wide doors of the Studebaker cab permit easier entrance and exit—a convenience for the driver.



Unlike most trucks in this field having alligator jaw type crossmembers, Studebaker crossmembers extend the full depth of the frame and are reinforced with gusset plates firmly riveted to provide an exceptionally strong frame.

Brakes

Bendix is by far the world's greatest brake builder, and the South Bend plants of Bendix have built their finest product for Studebaker trucks. Bendix famed Equal-Action brakes with lining a quarter inch thick give unmatched capacity. And all but the 1½-ton chassis have Bendix Power Brakes as standard equipment without extra charge. Without muscular effort Power Brakes bring the heaviest tractor and trailer to a smooth, sure stop.



Ross cam and lever steering gear—used on 80% of all makes of trucks. Recognized as the best, providing easy servicing, adjustment and long life.

\$625
F.O.B. FACTORY

CHECK YOUR WISHES ON THIS COUPON

- Studebaker, South Bend, Ind.
☐ Please have your truck dissected in my office.
☐ Please send me information on your new Studebaker trucks.
☐ I am interested in securing a franchise to sell Studebaker trucks.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....

Sampson and Delilah

Continued from page 30

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE
Office Equipment.—(Cont'd)

REMINGTON RAND
 Baker Vawter - Kalamazoo... loose leaf equipment and forms. Dalton, Remington, Powers, billadding, accounting machines, tabulating machines, Library Bureau... filing equipment. Rand Kardex records. Remington typewriters and supplies. Safe-Cabinets.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

Remington Rand Inc.
 1012 Chestnut st. PEN 2800

Calowhl. RIT nlse-6095
 WAL nut-0371
 RIT nlse-4651
 PEN ypakr-301

REG ent-917
 REG ent-86
 N ypakr-44

Arch. WAL nut-6
 DAV report-6
 WAL nut-1
 Arch. WAL nut-1

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SAVE YOUR SHOPPING TIME

Your classified telephone book tells you
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

Your classified telephone directory can save you time and trouble. It tells who sells the brand you want. Simply look for the trade name of the product or service—Remington Rand, Leonard, Oldsmobile, Goodyear, for example. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized local dealers.



"WHERE TO BUY IT"

ute Photo Studio, around the corner from the Grant Hotel. Mr. Boulakalian was a retired wrestler and a immoral man.

"She admitted right out she got engaged to Boulakalian," Sampson finished, his voice cracking, "all the time she was supposed to marry me. And Boulakalian got tough when I ast him about it and I would of socked him only on account of not wanting to strike a civilian."

Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn heard the tragic story through.

"Jud," said Seaman Linn, "do you still love Perminta?"

Mr. Sampson gulped.

"Love her? Naw. I seen through her. She's nothing but a—uh—yeah, I love her. I do so. I do so. I guess I just better reënlist." Tears filled his eyes as he looked hopelessly out to sea. "I was gonna buy me a tractor and a electric stove for her and a two-door sedan—" Emotion overwhelmed him.

"Don't cry, Sampson. Benny will fix it okay. You fix it up, hunh, Benny?"

Sampson, J., ex-seaman first, shook his head.

"Narry chance. Not after me calling her those names. I just better reënlist. I'll write Judge Weintraub I ain't a-coming home."

Fireman Dunnevan looked at Seaman Linn with perfect trust.

"It's true love, Benny," he said, "and his heart's broken. We got to fix it okay."

THUS appealed to by Fireman Dunnevan and feeling the forlorn beseechment in Sampson's dumb misery, Seaman Linn cleared his throat. His Adam's apple worked like a piston.

"Jud," he said, "I ain't gonna hold out much hope. I can see you've gone and called Perminta a scarlet woman, so on and so forth, and a gal naturally resents such langwidge. This civilian guy Boulakalian may have beat you out. But for old time's sake and to help a shipmate in distress, I'll go see Perminta and try to square you." He turned to Fireman Dunnevan impressively: "Tim, slip me a five-spot out of our roll. I'll take her a big box of candy and some flowers and say you sent 'em, Jud."

Fireman Dunnevan blinked.

"Yerse, but—"

Perminta's fiancé reached into his pocket.

"No, sir, you don't, Mr. Linn," he said. "I ain't a-going to have you putting out money for me. Here—I got eight hundred and seventy saved—and—"

"A five-spot's nothing to I and Tim, Jud. But if you'd feel better about it—"

"Here's ten. And you tell her there's more where that come from. Tell her I ain't mad no more and will forgive and forget, but she's gotta quit working for him and she's gotta marry me right off!"

Fireman Dunnevan tested his fists, just to see how they were clenching today.

"If that heathen gets tough, Sampson, and there ain't no Shore Patrol looking, I'll put him away."

Seaman Linn considered.

"No. You stay with Jud. Take him to the Greek's and buy him whatever he wants to drink. Soon as I talk to Perminta I'll meet you there."

Pocketing the ten-spot, Seaman Linn hurried away. His pace was blithe and cockier than ever. Self-righteousness buoyed him like a tonic. His heart was pure and God loves United States sailors.

A few minutes later, without candy or flowers, he entered the Just-a-Minute Photo Studio, Nyikosta Boulakalian, proprietor.

Miss Perminta Schwenker was at the counter in the tobacco-brown and purple-bordered reception chamber.

"Oh," she said, "h-hullo, Benny."

Seaman Linn was ominously cryptic. "Where can we talk privut?"

The maiden, a tow-headed, buxom lassie, her cheeks feverish with rouge, started guiltily.

"Wh-what about?"

"Jud Sampson."

Miss Schwenker's aplomb vanished. She looked apprehensively toward the open doorway leading to the studio proper. Voices sounded from within and four customers were waiting in the reception chamber.

"We're awful busy this aft, Benny," and then, with a defiant toss of her head, "Besides, I don't believe I am inter-ested in Mr. Sampson no more. I am not the kind of a girl, why, that can be treated thataway and he expects her to take it."

"Yeah? Jud ain't the kind of a guy that can stand being two-timed, neither. Jud's sensitive. Something almost happened—"

"To Jud? No, you—you're k-kidding."

"Where can we talk privut?"

"Why—uh—jiggers—"

Mr. Boulakalian himself in person appeared. Once known to the wrestling profession as the Syrian Cyclone, he was still formidable. His head looked like the rear end of a molting ostrich; it was mostly bald and surrounded by a fringe of wild black hair which seemed on the verge of slipping collar-wise around his thick neck. Mr. Boulakalian weighed two hundred and sixty pounds and he did not like sailors. He glared at Seaman Linn.

"You weesh your pature take, sailar?" he inquired sharply.

Seaman Linn was bland.

"I was just making an appointment for my sister and her kids," he said. "What time could you take 'em?"

"How many keeds?"

"Four . . . and the baby. But she wants separate shots of each kid."

This news mollified if it did not entirely soften Mr. Boulakalian. He condescended to smile.

"Any tam up to saven o'clock, Meester," he said. He looked at Miss Schwenker, ogled her with emphasis and added, "Wrat it down so, Parmanta, pless." A Filipino and his Chinese

girl friend claimed Mr. Boulakalian's attention. He waddled after them into the workshop.

Miss Schwenker shivered and bit her lip.

"Meet me in the coffee shop around the corner in a couple of minutes," she said breathlessly.

In the coffee shop Seaman Linn was stern but just.

"I ain't blaming you and I ain't blaming Jud," he told Perminta, "but the poor guy is apt to commit suicide any time. Fact is, he was brooding when I and Tim found him."

"Jud? He was brooding?"

"Yeah, and why not? And if some-thin' happens to him, how you gonna feel?"

"I don't care. I am not the kind of a girl, why, that you can say things against their morals, and he expects me to swaller it and marry him. And besides, Mr. Boulakalian says I'm too frail to stand the hardships on a farm no more. And besides that, Jud alla time talked about buying tractors and milk cows and not one word about me stuck in a farmhouse that's got no modern conveniences—"

"He was gonna buy you a electric stove."

This truth was too much for Perminta. She broke down and wept. Seaman Linn continued to be stern, but just.

"Jud was on the high sea tryin' to save you and the whole U. S. from the Japs, and what was you doing? Was you grateful? Is any of you civilians grateful? No. You don't stand by the U. S. Navy and go get yourself in a jam with a foreigner and drive a U. S. sailor to the point of taking his own life. That's gratitude."

THUS indicted, Miss Schwenker gasped out her defense. It was all on account of she wanted a good time and did not mean nothing by it, but somehow Mr. Boulakalian got the idea they was engaged. And she was afraid of Mr. Boulakalian doing somepin awful to Jud on account of his terrible temper and jealous disposition; and she was afraid to let on she would marry Jud because there was no telling what Mr. Boulakalian might do. He had terrible big hands that would choke the life out of a girl, and Jud, instead of standing up to Mr. Boulakalian, had blamed it all on her and made the most awful charges against her good name, until now she didn't know what to do and she might

(Continued on page 34)



BANDEL LINN



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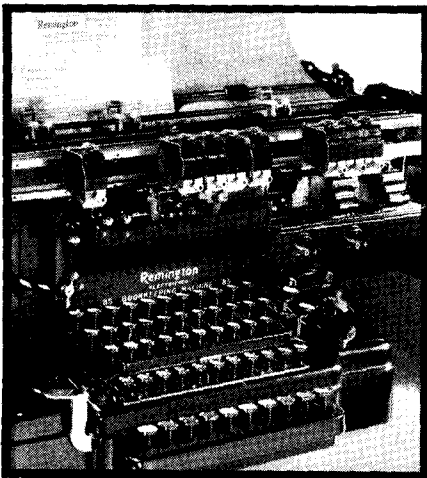
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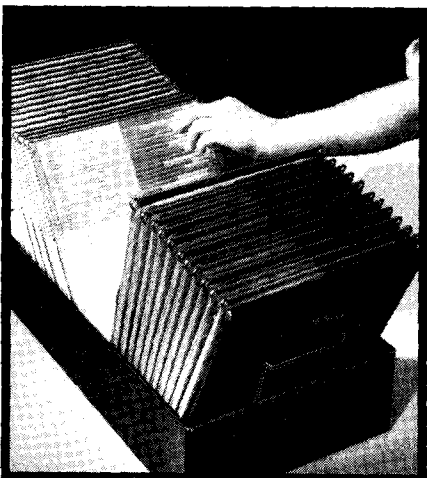
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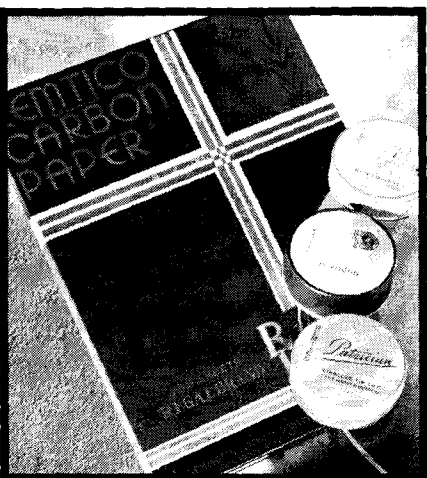
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Remington Rand



Sampson and Delilah

Continued from page 32

just as well be dead and maybe she would be at that if Mr. Boulakalian found out that she was still crazy for Jud. Foreigners—why, there is no telling what they will do.

Seaman Linn delivered the ultimatum.

"If you want to make it up with Jud and marry him, you got to elope. You got to elope this evening. I and Tim Dunnevan will take care of Boulakalian. How about it?"

Miss Schwenker wept again and pointed out that she did have her trousseau ready once but Jud got mad at her, so she wore the gray traveling suit to a dance and wore some of her lingerie too, and, besides, she was half engaged to Mr. Boulakalian and he had give her some presents and he would be a wild man and he was sure to find it out but she did not want Jud to commit suicide.

"That's neither here nor there," said Seaman Linn. "I can see that I and Tim have got to handle this. The Navy serves in peace and war. Where you want to go on your honeymoon?"

The prospective bride giggled through her tears.

"Sioux City, Ioway."

"Okay. You and Jud better take the night boat to L. A. I'll see Reverend Moss at the Mission. You pretend like you're sick and get off early. Be at the Mission at six-thirty."

"Awrighty. But whut about Mr. Boulakalian? He'll find out. I know he will."

"Leave him to I and Tim. You be at the Mission at six-thirty."

"Gee, Benny, you're awful sweet to help us thisaway!"

Seaman Linn nodded.

"Maybe some day you dames will learn to leave civilians alone and stick to the U. S. Navy," he observed. "Our hearts is pure and God loves us."

AFTER imparting final instructions to Perminta, Seaman Linn rejoined Sampson and Fireman Dunnevan at the Greek's. He was terse, authoritative, domineering.

"Perminta says the whole trouble was on account of you being too tight, Jud," he informed the anxious lover. "And I take her side in that. A civilian that's tight with his dough has got some excuse, but not no U. S. sailor."

Fireman Dunnevan, having drank three styruins of beer, had become the perfect sentimentalist.

"You had ort to give her all your dough, Sampson," he said. "You had ort to take her to Erland on your honeymoon. A lad and a colleen in Erland with them shamrocks and green trees and fairies dancing—"

"Pipe down, Tim. They're goin' to Sioux City." He surveyed the happy prospective bridegroom grimly. "I'm glad you've decided to loosen up, Jud. I and you had better start making the arrangements. You'll need some decent-looking clothes and a couple of rings and we got to see Reverend Moss and arrange for the wedding supper—"

Sampson remembered something.

"Wh-what about Boulakalian?" he said.

Seaman Linn nodded soberly.

"He's the hitch. But I and Tim are gonna take care of him. We don't want no tragedy."

Ex-sailor Sampson trembled. His eyes watered and he smoothed down a question-mark cowlick in his corn-colored hair with an unsteady hand.

"You sure you can handle him?" he said. "If he finds out we're eloping—listen, fellas. You been mighty good about getting it straightened out between I and Perminta and all. I'm taking up your good time and all. I'm juss gonna make it right—here—" He fumbled in his shirt.

Seaman Linn stayed his hand.

"Not one dime, Jud," he said. "I and Tim ain't no chisellers. We got plenty of dough. Forget it!"

"Give it all to the little colleen," said Fireman Dunnevan. "Take her to Erland—"

Seaman Linn stood up.

"Tim," he said, "I'm going with Jud to make the arrangements. I want you to take care of Boulakalian."

Fireman Dunnevan smiled delightedly.

"Thanks, Benny. I'll wait until the Shore Patrols ain't looking and—"

"Tim! What have I been telling you for months and months?"

"Can't I use force, Benny?"

"No! This has got to be worked with brains and feeness. Get it? Fee-ness. Now listen—we got to keep Boulakalian away from the wedding."

"Force would do it, Benny."

"Yeah, and land your pants in the

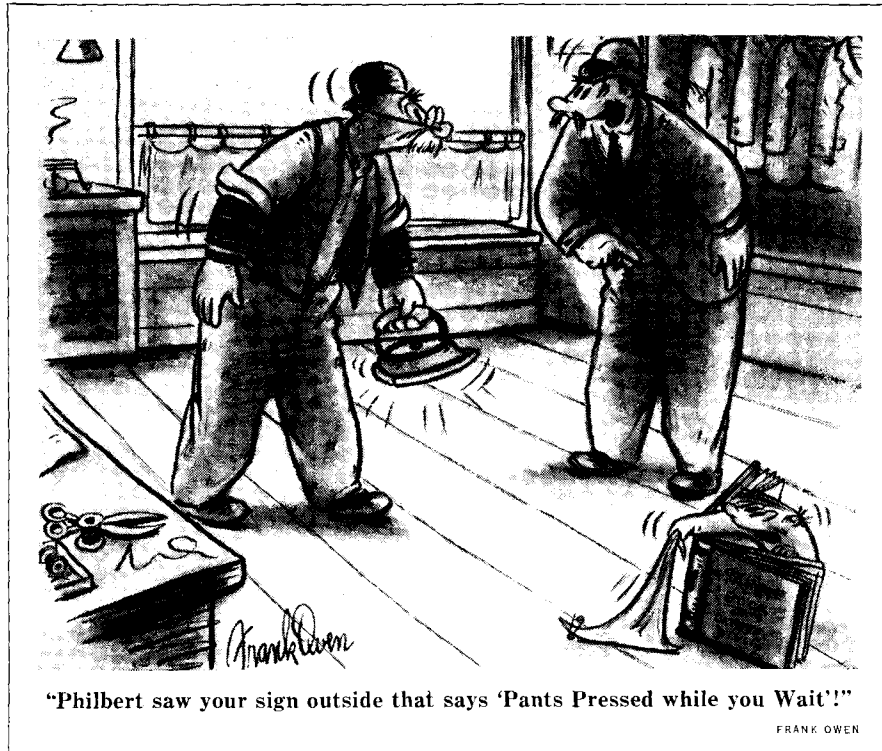
Boulakalian?" he demanded. "I—I wouldn't want nothing to h-happen on my wedding night and all."

Seaman Linn waved the matter aside.

"Leave it to Tim Dunnevan. With me to think for him, he's the ablest guy in the U. S. fleet. Come on. We got to be making arrangements."

SEAMAN LINN stood in the Sunday-school room of the Seaman's Ark Mission while the organist played "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." It had been a perfect day. His hair plastered neatly with water, Seaman Linn beamed upon Mr. Jud Sampson and Miss Perminta Schwenker. They stood before the Reverend Mr. Moss. They were pale and fearful, perhaps haunted, but such reactions were not uncommon among lovers about to be married. Seaman Linn took little notice of it.

Reverend Moss began the brief mar-



"Philbert saw your sign outside that says 'Pants Pressed while you Wait!'"

FRANK OWEN

brig. No, we got to handle Boulakalian with brains. I want you to go in there and say you want your picture took. Get it?"

"Yerse."

"When the first picture's finished, you don't like it, see? You make him take another. He does it to make good his guarantee. You don't like that one neither. You offer to pay for a third picture—"

"A third, Benny? When I didn't want even one?"

"Am I the brains, or ain't I?"

"Yerse."

"And whatever you do, don't let Boulakalian out of your sight. Get it?"

"Yerse. Shall I shove orf now?"

"Yeah; here's some dough—"

SAMPSON spoke from the depths of a grateful if dubious heart.

"I'm a-paying for them pictures. Here's a twenty. And you got to keep the change. It's worth a lot more'n that if he stays away from us."

Fireman Dunnevan flushed.

"Had I ort to take it, Benny?"

"No, not to keep. You give him the change tonight. The U. S. Navy don't chisel off'n civilians."

"Yerse."

Young Mr. Sampson was still doubtful as Fireman Dunnevan departed.

"You sure Mr. Dunnevan can handle

riage service. Seaman Linn glanced around with pardonable complacency. Fourteen other sailors and half a dozen assorted "rations" had been invited to attend the ceremony, and the wedding feast at the Elite Café, Chung Koon, prop., afterward. Even the sight of a Shore Patrol enlisted man with his brassard, leggings and billy could not upset Seaman Linn's equanimity. He, too, loved lovers and romance, and had been welcomed among the wedding guests.

"... to join this man and this woman in the holy bond of matrimony..."

Young Sampson, resplendent in his first tuxedo suit, looked over his shoulder at Seaman Linn. He received a reassuring grin. Fireman Dunnevan quite obviously had the terrible Boulakalian well in hand. Young Sampson turned back to his bride-soon-to-be.

Seaman Linn sighed. In his pocket rested \$96.17—legitimate commissions from the merchants of San Diego. This did not take into account a payment due from Maurice Levy, jeweler, and Chung Koon, restaurateur. It had been a perfect day. And what was more legitimate than this promotion of a wedding? Seaman Linn's heart was pure and God loved him.

"... I now pronounce you man and wife!"

The Reverend Mr. Moss' words were

scarce spoken when there was the tramp of heavy feet at the door.

"Hey... wait... you cannot marry them!"

Into the room strode Mr. Boulakalian, followed by Fireman Dunnevan.

"You cannot marry them. She has promessed to marry weeth me!"

Seaman Linn shoved into Mr. Boulakalian's path.

"They're already married, see?" he said, and looked reproachfully at Fireman Dunnevan.

"Mr. Boulakalian is Erish, Benny. He comes from Dublin. He used to live in Brooklyn. It's all a mistake. He is a good guy. He wants to take that colleen back to Erland, Benny."

Mr. Boulakalian stopped sputtering. While the bride and groom stood stricken, he turned on Fireman Dunnevan.

"So-o-o-o! They have gat married alraddy. You haf lied to me, Dunnevan! It ees a swandle."

"Yerse?"

Seaman Linn made no effort to halt the inevitable. Instead, just as Fireman Dunnevan's fist landed on Mr. Boulakalian's jaw, Seaman Linn jerked the Shore Patrol sailor's billy from his hand. Perminta screamed. Fists thudded. The lights went out. Shouts... thuds... a scuffling of feet. Preacher Moss yelled, "Police! Police!"

WHEN the lights went on again, Mr. Boulakalian lay unconscious under a table. The Shore Patrol sailor had disappeared. He was out cold in a corner, covered by a Sunday-school banner. In his rightful place stood Seaman Linn, wearing the brassard of authority and shaking the billy of sea power.

To a breathless patrolman of the San Diego police force, Seaman Linn said with righteous indignation:

"I seen it all, Sergeant. This mug hit the guy. He'll get a summary court and thirty days on bread and water. You look after the injured guy. I'll take this mug to the brig. Come on, sailor!"

He yanked Fireman Dunnevan out the side door. Mr. Boulakalian was groaning as they fled. The dazed cop stammered a question after them, then was obliged to give his attention to the dead and dying...

Seven blocks from the scene, Seaman Linn disposed of billy, brassard and leggings in an alley ashpit. Fireman Dunnevan blinked and hung his head. He waited for the tongue-lashing.

"Sentimental, hunh? He come from Ireland, hunh? No brains, no brains. I should of let them throw your pants in the brig."

"Yerse, Benny."

Seaman Linn relented. He drew out a wad of bills and gave approximately half to Fireman Dunnevan.

"Here. You don't deserve a dime of it, but friendship is friendship."

"Money? Real dough? Where'd you get it?"

Seaman Linn explained. Fireman Dunnevan, marveling greatly, questioned not.

"We can go to L. A. after all!" he said.

"How did you guess it, Tim? All right, guess this one. How're we gonna go to L. A.?"

"On the bus, Benny."

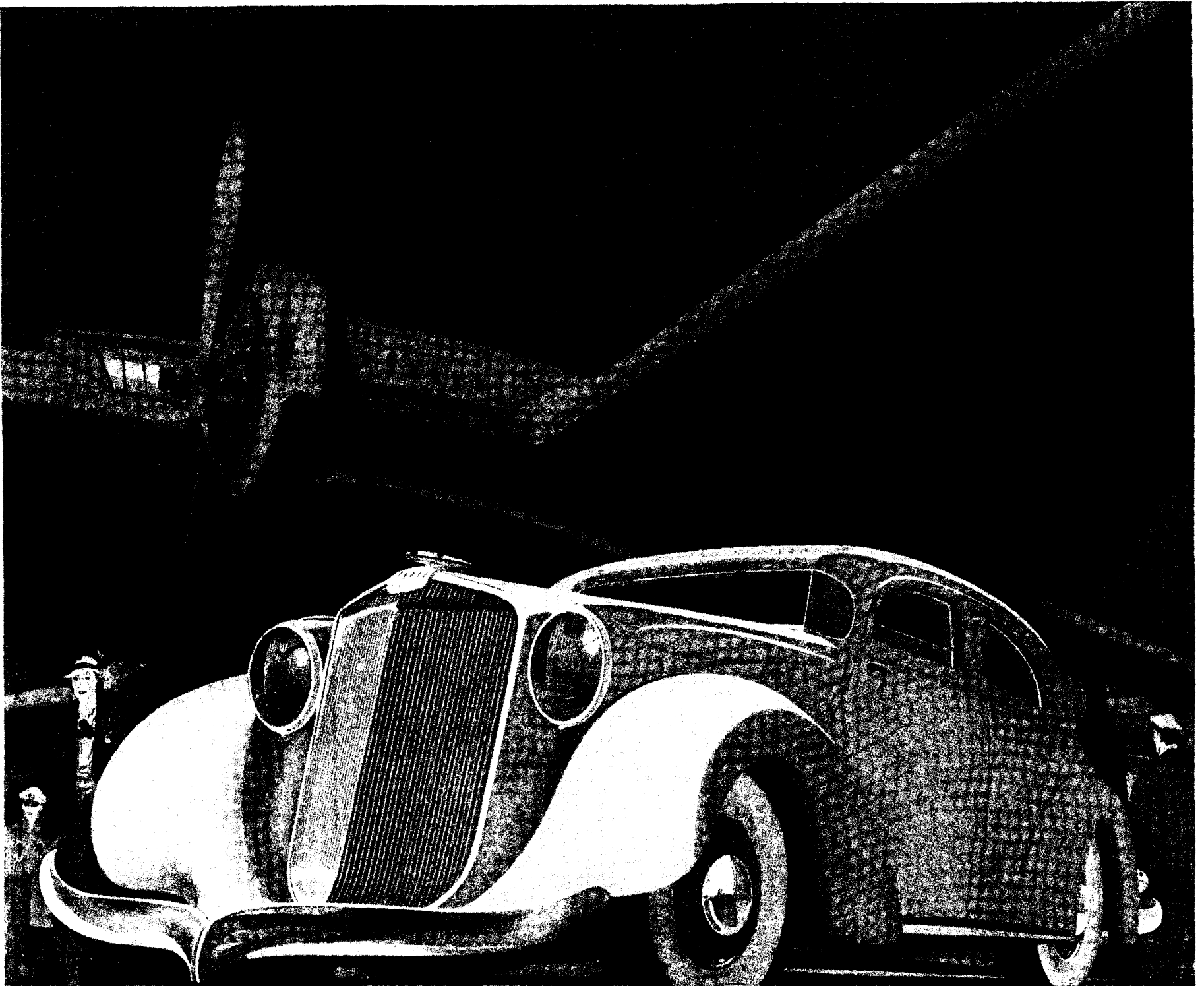
"Nuts. We're goin' to L. A. with Jud and Perminta. Bodyguards, get it? In half of the swellest bridal suite on the boat!"

Humbled, Fireman Dunnevan's faithful brown eyes turned to adore his hero and his idol and his god.

"What's the moral, Benny?"

Seaman Linn grinned.

"Force and brains, Tim—force and brains."



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The Toad Hop Amazon

Continued from page 15



variety

Lie on a lazy beach. Look up at cool palm trees. Sail through a tropic sea. That's Hawaii... and that's one way of finding variety, adventure in a humdrum world.



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a tray. Everybody attended the funeral except Button, and Mrs. Wannack wouldn't stand for him. So he stayed in his office and set up a eulogy to Matt that everybody framed and hung in his living-room.

Matt's death helped rather than handicapped Mrs. Wannack's war against the mine owners. Sympathy made the miners throw open the union hall doors to her. Once she got them into her hands they became like so much putty. The future grew very dark.

Button worried about it. So did every local merchant. They appealed to him—if he couldn't throw a sprag in the Amazon's wheels they might as well lock up their shops. Button agreed to do something but he didn't know what. Then one day he got the idea—it bore fruit in the next issue of The Weekly Times.

"Matt Wannack's Scrapbook," the scarehead read, and boxed across three columns was a preface written by Button himself. It read:

"We've had our Theodore Dreiser, our Paul Dresser, our Eugene V. Debs and now we have our Matt Wannack. As you knew him, he was a mouthpiece. As I knew him, he was a philosopher—a sage—a wit—a noble creature filled with the milk of human kindness."

AND then followed things purported to be from the pen of the late Matt Wannack. A few of us had vague suspicions that they weren't, but we saw behind Button's plan, so we kept our suspicions to ourselves. The old boy was trying to make Matt the focal point of interest instead of his Amazon wife—at least until April 1st drifted by. The stuff ran something like this:

"Next to a rainy day funeral, there's nothin' sadder'n seein' a good fiddler playin' in a cheap restaurant." . . . "Man talks about possible disappointments; woman makes them possible by talking." . . . "Maybe we are progressin' a bit but I still say a mustache cup ain't half as silly as a parfait glass." . . . "What becomes of lobster shells and second basemen? And how's your pug dog, may I ask?"

Silly, maybe, but it took like wildfire. Everybody wanted a copy of the paper and Button had to hire an extra printer to handle the overflow. In three weeks the miners were sitting around the union halls talking about what Matt Wannack said instead of listening to his wife.

Mrs. Wannack saw herself slipping. Feeling sure that Button was responsible for her downfall, she went to his office, intending to slay him in his tracks. Quietly she entered the front door. The office was empty but she heard voices emanating from the workshop. It was a poor time to do any killing, so she started to retreat. Then she heard her dead husband's name mentioned—and stopped.

"You see, Mr. Klegg," a strange voice said, "our syndicate would use Mr. Wannack's material as a daily feature; sort of like Abe Martin, you know."

"Good stuff, you think?"

"For what we want—great!"

"Wait! Let me get this clear." Button's voice was a little nervous. "You say if I've got as much of his material as I say I have, your company will be willing to pay three thousand dollars for it?"

"Exactly!"

Mrs. Wannack nearly fainted. Three thousand dollars! Why, there wasn't that much money in the—oh, yes, there was. The stranger just said so. And

who was entitled to it? Wasn't she Matt Wannack's wife? You bet she was! Suppose Button had written it? Hadn't he already said it was Matt's? Ha! This was real revenge—much better than wearing out her knuckles on his jaw. But wait a minute! She'd have to play the game carefully. The real author was the only one who knew where the remaining material was. And until she had that—

POOR old Button! There he stood with his shoulder blades pinching at the corner of his type case like a pair of huge pliers. What a damn' fool he'd been. Three thousand dollars and every penny of it would go to his enemy. The bulge in his neck got a little thicker and made him cough.

"If you can arrange to have me meet Mrs. Wannack this afternoon," said the stranger, "I can close the deal and catch that nine-forty-five out of here tonight. It won't inconvenience you, will it, Mr. Klegg?"

"Inconvenience me?" Button aimed at the sawdust-filled tobacco box and missed it by three feet. "Well, to tell you the truth—"

"Mr. Klegg!"

Button looked up at the door. There stood the Toad Hop Amazon and she had a smile on her face like a squeezed rubber doll.

"I beg your pardon," she said to the stranger. "I thought Mr. Klegg was alone."

"Go right ahead, madam," said the stranger politely. He moved toward the door.

"Oh, please don't go!" exclaimed Mrs. Wannack. "It will only take me a moment." Then, turning to Button: "Mr. Klegg, I owe you several apologies. Will you come to my house for dinner tonight, so I can make them?"

Button's jaw dropped. The Toad Hop Amazon inviting him to dinner. What the—oh! . . . Oh! . . . He got it! A smart hen she was. Eavesdropping, huh? Heard everything that was said. All that stuff about having more material. A smart hen. Well, he wasn't the dumbest rooster in the world, either. He'd go—you bet he'd go. And would he show her up? Oh, boy, would he! . . .

Button had to admit it was a pretty good dinner, as far as he had gone with it. Peas—candied sweet potatoes—chicken—cranberry sauce. All right. He paused in his eating and eyed the stranger and Mrs. Wannack. They

were chatting merrily about nothing. Mrs. Wannack caught the look.

"Something else, Mr. Klegg?" Her voice was the essence of sweetness.

He shook his head. He wished she wouldn't talk like that—damned hypocrite. It sort of got him off the track of what he intended to do. He forgot his food for a mental recapitulation. Yeh—now he had it. Just as soon as the stranger brought out the papers to sign he would suddenly smack the table with an open hand and say: "This farce has gone far enough! It was I and not Matt Wannack who wrote that scrapbook—and, Mr. Delridge, it is not for sale! It is not for sale!"

"Well, Mrs. Wannack," said the stranger, "I hate to hurry along such a delightful time as this but I've—"

"Oh, but you haven't had your dessert yet," broke in Mrs. Wannack. "It will only take a few moments more." She rose to her feet. "I hope you'll like it," she called back over her shoulder as she walked to the kitchen. Presently she returned with three dishes of dessert. Button's eyes were on the stranger as the latter fished a typewritten agreement from his pocket. Unconsciously he began wiping the palm of his hand on his trousers leg.

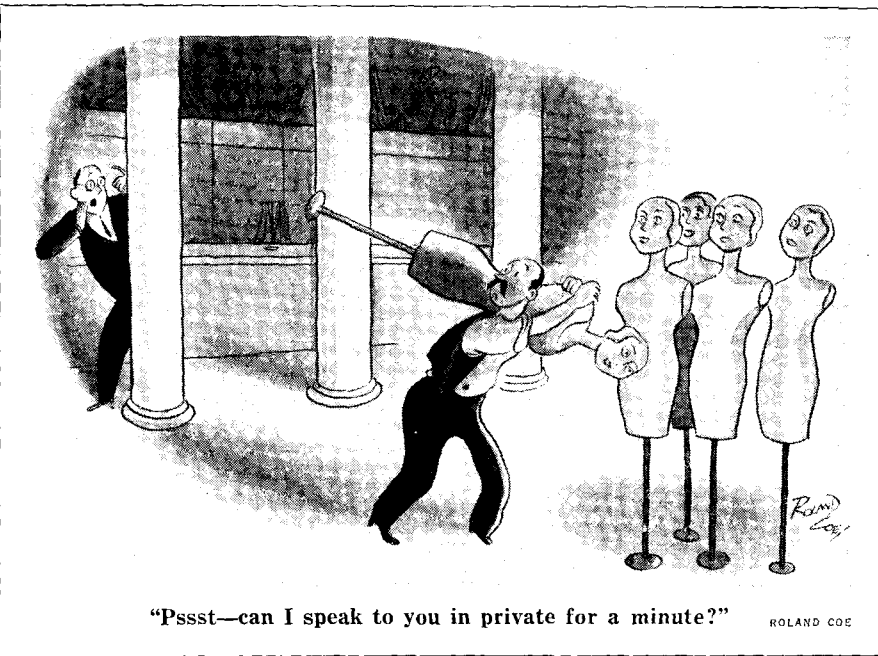
"The sauce may be a little strong," Mrs. Wannack was talking in his ear. "But some people like it that way."

Button looked down at the dessert in front of him. It was plum pudding. He snorted to himself even as he mumbled "Thank you." Mrs. Wannack returned to her chair. Button took a bite of plum pudding. It rested for a moment on his tongue, then his cheeks began working strangely in and out. Button Klegg was eating real knocking pick.

"And now will you sign here, please, Mrs. Wannack?" The stranger was talking. Button saw him extend the agreement toward Mrs. Wannack but it held little interest for him. Even in Scranton they never made knocking pick like this. "Of course, it is understood that Mr. Klegg will turn over the balance of material to us. Right, Mr. Klegg?"

"You never said anything righter in your life," replied Button.

THEY were married in the late summer and went on a honeymoon to Niagara Falls. When they returned, Button changed the name of his paper to The Labor Clarion.



"Pssst—can I speak to you in private for a minute?"

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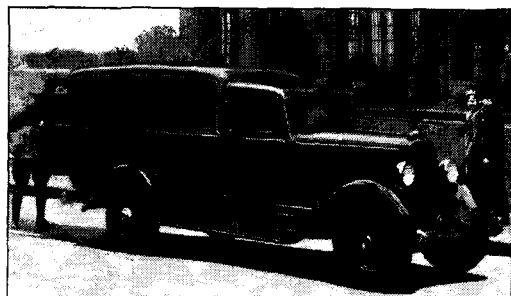


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City and State.....

important a source of enjoyment as the consumption of alcohol.

But in the cities perpendicular drinking was the rule, the sale of intoxicants proceeded at a much more rapid rate and the publican would have considered it bad business to provide counter attractions to the wares from which he derived his profits. So long, therefore, as his customers made no demand for better conditions, but continued to crowd into his premises for the sake of drinking alone, there was no real incentive to reform from within, though here and there groups or individuals, impressed by the Continental café system, made pioneer experiments.

Misplaced Sweetness

Such innovations, however, were opposed, not only by the drink trade, but also by so-called temperance reformers, bigoted fanatics to whom all intoxicants were deadly poison and who believed that the only decent public house was one which had closed its doors for good. Their argument was simple: The more attractive and pleasant the public house becomes, the more people will go to it and the more drunkenness there will be. As they preached from their temperance platforms and taught little children to sing in their "Bands of Hope," there was a demon in the wine-cup and the first taste of alcohol was the beginning of a rake's progress that led inevitably to the workhouse in this world and perdition in the next.

In these circumstances, apart from the legislative tightening up of restrictions, reform made little headway until the War, when the government was forced to take over the ownership and management of the liquor trade in the Carlisle district, where the output of the great munitions factories was threatened by a tidal wave of drunkenness. Under the new system which followed this change of control, a radical transformation took place in the public houses of the area. Food as well as drink was provided; amenities were increased; intemperance was discouraged.

Today the visitor looks in vain in Carlisle for a public house of the old type. He may even get the impression that there are no public houses at all. But presently he will discover that some building which he thought, at first glance, was a bank or a post office is in reality a place of public refreshment. Inside he will find a bar, with plenty of floor space, dotted with small tables and comfortable seats, where men may take their ease as in a club. Possibly there is a restaurant on the premises where an excellent meal can be obtained at a remarkably low price; in any case, appetizing sandwiches and snacks are served in every part of the house. One room is set aside for married men and their wives.

The challenge of Carlisle has been met by similar improvements in privately owned public houses in many other parts of the country, and it is probable that these would have been made still more extensively had it not been for the "temperance" fanatics. But even some of the latter have been forced to give a grudging approval to the achievement of Carlisle, and an investigation some years ago by the temperance committee of the Church of Scotland, a body whose general sympathies lay with prohibition rather than reform, was followed by the characteristically "canny" and cautious Scottish verdict that "there must be something

How We Carry Liquor

Continued from page 11

in it." To those who know the Scottish Presbyterian, this is praise indeed.

The United States has for many years been building up a tradition of service in industry and commerce. Is it too much to hope that, under a new régime, this tradition may be extended to the liquor trade? The fact that the saloon has already been abolished and that the speakeasy is illegal gives America a great opportunity. It can, profiting by all the experiments that have taken place in Britain and elsewhere, by all the experience of two hemispheres, make its public houses the best in the whole world.

The English climate must always limit the possibilities of English public-house development on Continental lines; over the greater part of the United States there are no such natural disabilities to overcome. And everywhere, in New England as in California, it can be insisted that every public house shall provide food and non-alcoholic drinks, games, music and dancing as well as intoxicants, and shall be a place of general refreshment and recreation rather than one primarily devoted to the sale of alcohol.

Would the brewers and distillers of the United States and the licensees of the new public houses be willing to co-operate in a scheme of this kind? If they are not, or if the American public is disinclined to take the risks involved in allowing the trade so substantial a foothold, there are certain alternatives which could be tried.

I am not in favor of state ownership and control on the lines of the Carlisle experiment, successful as it has undoubtedly been. A scheme on the Carlisle model, but amended in such a way as to remove it further from direct state control and to give it an independent board of management—this, incidentally, is in accordance with a recommendation of the English Licensing Commission—might, however, be tried experimentally in one or two selected districts. In other localities experiments might be made with the Gothenburg system, and the exclusive right to sell liquor in certain towns be vested in companies whose dividends are limited to the ordinary rate of interest on capital and whose surplus profits are devoted to public purposes. The stock of these companies would be an attractive investment to owners of small savings who preferred a modest but sure income to the rainbow riches of wildcat speculation.

A Little of Each

Very probably the best system for America would be a combination of private enterprise, working under strict regulation, with one or two schemes on the amended Carlisle model and a number of Gothenburg towns. Each type of house would have to justify itself in competition with the others and the trade would not dare to put private profit before the public good, while its critics would be able to point to examples of disinterested management in other parts of the country.

Such an arrangement would, of course, be a compromise. The improved public house is itself a compromise. But the middle way is frequently preferable in practice to either of the more logical extremes and it is a tradition of our common stock that we should incline towards it.

There are, however, limits to the wisdom even of compromise and I look with suspicion on proposals for local option, or local prohibition, under

which a majority of the electors of a certain area can decide that it shall be completely "dry." The rights of racial minorities are today a matter of international concern. I cannot believe that a minority should receive less consideration because it is composed of men and women of our own blood and bone. A popular vote in favor of intoxicants would not justify me, if I were an American citizen, in pouring whisky down the throats of the stalwarts of the Anti-Saloon League; neither does a vote in the other direction entitle them to make me drink lemonade.

In large areas, like the states of the Union, local option might not be so absurd. But it would not only perpetuate bootlegging and the speakeasy; it would also compel the political organization of the trade, which Americans are anxious to avoid. And it would keep alive that other vested interest, whose political influence is just as dangerous, the Anti-Saloon League.

I know how powerful are the forces which seek, in the individual states, to limit the freedom which the end of the Eighteenth Amendment has again made possible. But even if the states which remain "dry" could enforce prohibition on their reluctant citizens, which is more than doubtful, there would be but little gain to set against a great loss in human enjoyment.

Liberty and Law

"You may make it impossible for any man to get anything to drink, and then, of course, no man can be drunk; just as you can end all crime by putting everybody in prison," said that great British statesman, the late Sir William Harcourt. "But when you have put everybody in prison you will not have made your population virtuous. No more will you have made a nation moral when you have compelled them to be sober against their will."

I commend these wise words to the temperance reformers of America. I also commend to them the fact that when I was last in the United States, although the country was still in the grip of prohibition, drink was everywhere, and at every hour of the day and night as easily obtainable as it is in London during the permitted hours. A law which offends the sense of justice of a great people, and which seeks to deprive individuals of the exercise of their own discretion in purely private and personal affairs, must inevitably become a dead letter. And when one law is broken with impunity, the whole majestic fabric of legal sanctions is endangered and the foundations of the State begin to crumble.

Fortunately the roots of America go deep; she has the strength to survive her mistakes and to make of them stepping-stones to new achievements. Today the eyes of the world are upon her. "How will she tackle the liquor problem in its new phase?" is the question the nations are asking. And the answer she will give in the next few years, regarding which I have offered a few tentative suggestions, may make as notable a contribution to social theory as the American Constitution has done in the realm of political philosophy.

The days of the covered wagon are over, but the pioneering spirit still beats strong in the heart of America, and here, in this great problem of the twentieth century, the world has need of the single-hearted courage, the clear vision and the resourceful wisdom of the pioneers.

Lefty's Left

Continued from page 16

cash and none represented by ball players.

Connie saw that the young man was conscientious, was always in shape, that he knew his condition better than anybody else, that he was temperamental, difficult to understand, perhaps hard to get along with.

Connie gave him his head and saw him become the greatest pitcher in baseball. Eddie Collins, his new boss, had been Connie's lieutenant. He decided to adopt the same policy.

So Lefty went his own way and wrote his own ticket. If, more often than he pitched, he wrapped himself in sweating garments, repaired to a corner of the outfield and practiced sprinting starts, we thought the saturnine gentleman was merely building wind and strength. And when he came in and worked his arm along easily for fifteen minutes or so while the other slabmen poured all their power into their pitches for an hour, we figured he was merely following the carefully plotted and well-paced conditioning program of a master technician who knew exactly what he was doing.

Pitching the Arm into Shape

Even when he, Collins and Harris bundled themselves into an automobile one Sunday afternoon and coursed down the Ta-Miami trail to Fort Myers, where the Athletics were stationed, we thought they were merely paying a brief social call. After all, Collins loves Mack as few men love their fathers, and Grove was his ace through all his years of recent glory.

What we didn't know was that Grove, unable to get the deadness out of his wing nor the blinding shot of pain that stabbed him through the biceps when he threw his fast ball, was really being taken over to see the Athletics' trainer, Doc Ebling. Doc Woods, the Sox expert, had poked and prescribed, but Grove, while respecting Woods' judgment, wanted the advice of the man who had handled him all the way from the minors and who presumably knew him better than he knew himself.

I say we didn't know. If we had it would have been front-page copy all over the country. Nor did we know when they came back, for they said nothing at all. We didn't know, for instance, that Ebling had duplicated Woods' diagnosis and prescription without knowing what Woods had either

diagnosed or prescribed. Each trainer said the trouble was congestion in a small muscle deep between two larger muscles in the biceps and that the best thing for it would be merely for Grove to grit his teeth and keep pitching. The extra work would dissolve the trouble in time, so they said.

Grove was doing some of that extra work in Orlando this day. He kept putting more and more on the ball without suffering pain, and just as he decided that, thank God and intelligent trainers, the trouble was gone and his black worries ended, he put all his strength into one joyous pitch—and the pain almost tore his arm loose from the socket!

As a matter of cold reportorial accuracy, Grove went into no particular conniption once he'd achieved the torrid haven of the clubhouse. Time was when he'd have kicked that plank shanty to pieces and danced like a Sioux upon the splinters. Left-handers are notoriously temperamental. Ball players have a harder word for it. The saga of their eccentricities from the unfathomable and likewise incomparable Waddell down to—well, we won't call modern names—would make a nice volume to bind in asbestos.

The younger Grove was as wild, unbroken and as hard to curry as any side-wheeler who ever wore spikes. He was a new sort, too. Unlike some of his brethren, he wined no blondes, defied no managers and socked no cops. He stayed well within the bounds of morality, sobriety and strict training rules. His specialty was tantrums, and when bigger and better tantrums were thrown, he threw 'em.

Perhaps the record baseball tantrum of all time, come to think of it, was staged by this same Mr. Grove in St. Louis in 1931. Lefty had won sixteen games in a row to tie the American League record held jointly by Walter Johnson and Joe Wood. He was after his seventeenth straight and American League immortality. For six and two thirds innings it looked as if he had it. Each team was scoreless, but the Athletics kept threatening.

Grove had two batters out in the seventh and eased up a little—too much, as it developed—for the next man connected for a clean base hit. That seemed all right, however, when the next batter shacked a looping drive to left field which looked like an easy out. Had Al Simmons been in there that day as us-

(Continued on page 40)



DON'T BLAME THE RAZOR — JUST CHANGE YOUR SHAVING CREAM

You may have the world's sharpest and best razor blade—but without proper help it can't give you a good shave. Your beard must first be subdued by the right shaving cream. So don't blame your razor until you're sure of your shaving cream.

Next time *make sure*—buy Williams—and see what a difference there is in the ease of your shave!

This rich, mild, creamy lather stays moist right through the most leisurely shave—permeates your beard—makes every

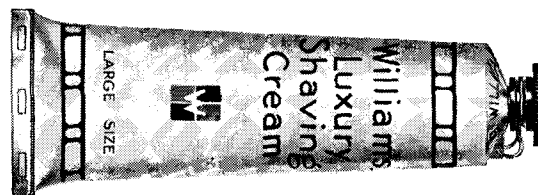
hair a set-up for your clean-cutting blade. And how smooth and Fit your face feels and looks afterward!

There's a reason for Williams' superiority. It's made of the finest ingredients that can be bought—skillfully blended by a century-old firm that has always held to the fixed purpose of making the finest shaving cream in the world.

Remember to complete every shave with a palmful of sparkling Aqua Velva.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams



Shaving Cream

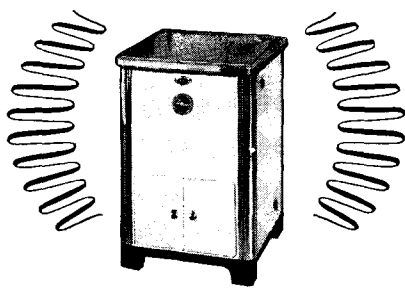


THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.

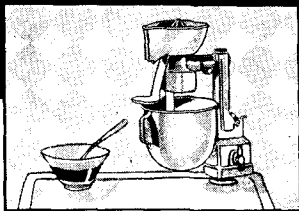


"Hush, Daddy is coming to bed as soon as he puts the cat out"

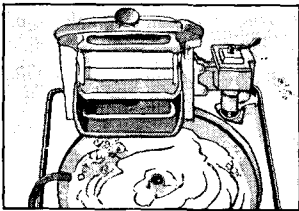
CRAWFORD YOUNG



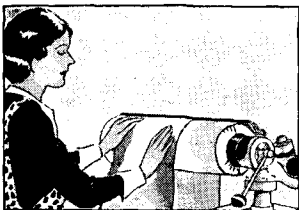
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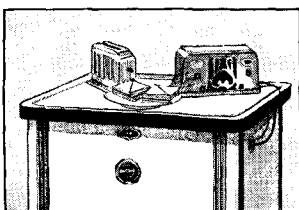
● it mixes food with Thoromix!



● it also washes the clothes!



● then it does the ironing!



● wired for radio and appliances!

Thor Electric Servant is front page news *everywhere!* Its Monel metal top serves as a kitchen table . . . then slips off to reveal a full sized quality Thor washer beneath. The same motor powers washer, Lovell Wringer and Thor Speed Ironer . . . operates Thoromix, new electric mixer. New automatic timer controls washing or mixing time to the minute! It's *different!* See Thor Electric Servant at your dealer's!

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from page 39)

ual, he'd have caught the ball with his eyes shut, but Simmons was out for some reason or other and a substitute named Jimmy Moore was standing in for him.

Moore, trying too hard on the play—all the A's were trying their tensest to help Lefty get his record—overran the ball, missed it completely and before he could retrieve it, what proved to be the winning run had scored.

Nobody who chanced to be in the club house that afternoon has ever liked to talk about what happened. Grove, raving like a madman, behaved like one toward Moore, who, himself, was badly broken up over the misplay. To Moore's credit, he took it without endeavoring to retaliate. Less cool headwork on his part would probably have led to murder or its attempt, but it was a terrible hour—and fairly typical of Grove.

But we must mellow with age—Lefty's no longer in his tempestuous twenties, thirty-four being middle age for a ball player—or perhaps he'd nursed the ache too long or maybe for all the pain he did sense some improvement. Whatever or however, he merely tossed his glove, flexed his arm a few moments and then paddled silently to the outfield to indulge in his daily sprinting starts.

The Speed Was Gone

Two days later, more or less in desperation, Lefty tried to pitch for the Sox against Birmingham. It was plainly no good. His control was lacking. His speed wasn't there. The pain kept attacking him and he finally gave up.

It was in Birmingham that he went to the dentist. This worthy professed to find three abscessed teeth, two uppers and a lower and he pulled the three, having a truly horrible time with two of them.

It's just as well Lefty lost the teeth. They couldn't have been doing him any good, but the coming weeks were to show that they had little, if anything, to do with his arm. He continued northward with the ache in his arm, and no doubt also in his heart.

The Red Sox were opening on April 16 against Washington in Washington. The President of the United States and all the notables would be there. Mr. Roosevelt would throw the first ball. To hurl that opener would be a coveted honor, and it was Grove's by right of seniority, fame and any others you can mention.

The morning of that game I chanced to be in Boston and up in the Red Sox offices for reasons I don't recall. Opening a door I thought led out toward the grandstand, I came upon a room in which there was a table. At the table, back to me, smoking a pipe all alone, sat the tall but hunched figure of a man. He was glumly playing solitaire with a greasy deck of cards.

He turned as I entered, and I took another look. It was the great Lefty Grove—left behind while his mates went to Washington!

"How's the arm?" I asked.

"Okeh," he said. "It's coming along."

If you don't think his heart was deadlier than those biceps, you don't know your baseball, or at least you don't know your Grove. He's surly. He's peculiar. He's hard to understand. He feigns a hard-boiledness, an indifference, but it doesn't exist where baseball is concerned. Here's a fellow who always was first in the bull pen, who was ready to work, who demanded to work, who even waved pitchers back to go in himself. He'd pitch any game or any piece of a game. He played every play. On the bench with somebody else working, he was as rabid a fan as any customer in on a pass, which is usually the most

rabid sort. His tantrums were always thrown when somebody lost a game for his team. He played to win. He wanted to be part of the victory, and here he sat alone after thirteen glorious years, the advertised star of the league's new money team, completely out of the picture on opening day!

Alone in his misery?

Not quite. He was physically alone because all of the Red Sox and most of their headquarters staff had made the trip to the national capital. If mail meant comfort, however, he was cushioned in plenty. There must have been a bushel of letters from every state in the Union and some from farther than that piled in a down-sliding heap in the corner. One had come all the way from Little America. There was another from Ireland—one from Czechoslovakia. Practically all offered advice upon how to cure his arm ailment.

Many of the letters were ridiculous; some were sincere and intelligent. Some were ads from quacks, plugs for patent nostrums; others came from recognized authorities. Almost everything that possibly could be done to the human body or any part of it was recommended by somebody. If Lefty had tried every remedy, he'd have time to do nothing else for all the rest of his life, and that life would have to be long.

But Lefty didn't take any of this well-meant advice. He appreciated it all, but he couldn't even answer the letters. There were too many of them. He had the best advice that money could buy. It amounted to about the same those trainers had given him in Florida.

The Sox finished their home stay the 22d of April, which chanced to be a Sunday, and prepared for a short Eastern swing. Lefty, sure he was on the way to recovery, decided to go along. Monday was an open date and an exhibition game was scheduled with Holy Cross College, now and for years past brilliantly coached by Jack Barry, who played second base to Eddie Collins' short-stopping in Connie Mack's famous old \$100,000 infield.

Grove elected himself to try out his arm against the Purple collegians in this practice contest.

There was drama that day up on the Cross' Fitton Field, with Mount St. James reaching heavenward behind it. The greatest pitcher of his day was timorously trying out his arm against a bunch of college kids who hadn't been practicing three weeks. He got a tremendous hand as he went to the hill and he went along in routine fashion for two or three innings. He wasn't bearing down. That was plain to be seen, yet the ball had some zing to it and his control was satisfactory. The collegians were retired in fairly regular order, largely because they were too awed to bring their bats through.

Along about the third, however, one of the youngsters, Ed Moriarity, the second baseman, calmly looked a couple over and then laid into the next pitch. The crash of his bat sounded like an explosion. The ball rose like a bullet to sail and keep sailing. It skied Roy Johnston's head in left by at least 50 feet, to clear the ball field entirely and land upon the adjacent gridiron. There it rolled and rolled until it almost reached the farther goal post, to become the longest home run ever hit on those premises!

Premature Hope

Lefty retired at the end of the fifth. That's as far as he'd figured to work anyhow. His departing gesture was to strike out Mr. Moriarity and the gent just ahead of him. The balls he fed them really seemed to carry something.

As he trudged toward the showers through an ovation from the throng,

Bucky Harris hurried over to the newspaper-men.

"He's okeh," grinned Bucky in evident delight. "Says he didn't feel a thing. He only bore down on those last two batters and, if you noticed, they couldn't get their bats off their shoulders."

But the sad part of it is that he wasn't okeh—not against big-league batting at any rate. He didn't gamble with that until May 5th when his team was back on its home turf in Boston. The St. Louis Browns were the opposition that day, and they, at the moment, weren't hitting the size of their meal checks. Lefty pitched to five batters. The first drew a base on balls. The second tripled. The third singled. The fourth doubled. The fifth drew another base on balls. At that stage, Lefty walked out of the game. He didn't even wait to be yanked!

It was two full weeks before he raised sufficient courage to try it again. The Sox were in St. Louis by now, so the opposition was the same that had rifled him off the hill in Boston. Furthermore, they were hitting now. The previous day, they had plastered the Sox hurlers for seventeen safeties.

Lefty Grove pitched a masterful ball game!

He stopped the Browns' sluggers as if they were high-schoolers, held them to six hits, only two of which were bunched, passed only two men and won his own ball game in the seventh with a walloping home run off one of Dick Coffman's slants, which scored two Sockers ahead of him!

But the Coaches Knew

Things looked rosier still when he smacked the Cleveland Indians in his next start. "Grove's back," the sports pages were saying and the fans hailed the news, but the baseball grapevine was carrying a different sort of news. Those wise old eyes that study diamond minutiae from the coaching boxes saw that his wrist didn't have that old-time whiplash, that he no longer burned that ball up with nothing but raw speed behind its whizzing stitches. He was pitching with his head now more than his arm. He was trying to outguess, not outspeed, the hitter and as long as his control stayed with him, he at least had hope. But his control even wavered here and there.

"He's softened; he's gone," is the message they whispered around.

His next start he lasted but five innings against Detroit, now managed by his former catcher, Mickey Cochrane. He didn't work at all in the following series with his old team, Philadelphia. He rang up a win over Washington in the following series. The Senators smashed him for 10 blows but he kept them well enough scattered. Boston won the ball game 2 to 1.

Four days later, he started against the Yankees on Boston turf. They shelled him off the mound in four blistering innings with a total of 13 hits.

Three days later, he tried it again against Washington, was banged 15 times in 7½ innings and the Sox lost the ball game 8 to 1. Four days later he started against Detroit. This time he went six innings, was smashed for 13 hits and retired in favor of Dusty Rhodes.

Four days later he tried once more, St. Louis being his versus this time. For three or four innings he pitched masterful ball and then the Browns got the range and *bing!* *bing!* *bing!* *bang!* went the hits. Harris yanked him at the end of the fifth.

Maybe this doesn't mean all it could to you, but it will if you stop to realize that this is the great Grove who once hurled 26 consecutive strikes in a ball

game, who in 1931 won 31 games, losing only four and thereby establishing a percentage of .886—a major-league pitching record for modern times. In the same year he won 16 consecutive games. Year upon year he led the pitchers of his circuit in percentage of victories, the earned-run averages and the strike-outs. No team could beat him more than once a season.

But now on paper the leader of his class, he could barely live past the middle of a ball game and the park rang with the detonation of the bats that crashed his offerings. Of course some games will be played between the time this is written and the time it will see the light of print. Miracles do happen in athletics occasionally and Lefty's arm may come back as suddenly as it went away, but I, for one, don't think so.

Why?

Well, hindsight being always better than foresight, it seems apparent now that the big moose was slowly slipping all along. Last year, he struck out fewer batters, gave more bases on balls and surrendered more hits than the previous season for all the fact that he worked in seventeen fewer innings. Come to remember it, he was beginning to ease up even then. There were fewer fire balls and more concentration upon outguessing the hitter, where once he let 'er blaze and literally threw the ball through his man.

Mack pitched him in turn and out of turn, sent him in to save games and hold leads for years and years. It was bear-down pitching all the way, for the A's were in the pennant scrap most of the time. The man's arm after all is made of flesh and bone and blood.

That, of course, brings up a series of questions.

A Deal in Good Faith

Did wise old Connie Mack, taking advantage of young Tom Yawkey's inexperience, unload upon him a \$125,000 lemon?

Absolutely NO! In the first place Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy isn't that sort of citizen. In the second, he quietly went to Yawkey and Collins at mid-season and offered to take Grove back and refund his purchase price in full. Yawkey and Collins just as sportingly refused. The deal was made in good faith. It was simply their hard luck—and Grove's.

Yawkey is reputed to have \$40,000,000. Maybe you don't miss 125 G's when you have that many coconuts, and Yawkey at least bought \$125,000 worth of good will in Boston when he went

after Grove. That good will has been translated into such a rush to the turnstiles that the young owner estimates he'll clear \$500,000 over operating expenses this season. The rest of his team has been playing entertaining baseball, by the way.

What does Yawkey say about it?

"Talk about Grove's arm being gone is ridiculous," says the personable young owner, "and talk to the effect that we've given up on him is equally ridiculous. Grove's arm is sore. There's no denying that. It's hindering his pitching. There's no denying that either. But he's baking it, having it massaged and taking care of it. We expect to see him out there on that mound some day again burning up the league with that fire ball of his."

What does Grove say?

"It's coming along," says Lefty. "I don't know what's the matter with it, but I'm doing what they tell me. It doesn't hurt when I feed 'em up easy, but if I start to bear down, oh, baby. Through? Sure, I won't stick around where I can't be of any help. Guess I couldn't anyhow. But what the hell! Other pitchers have had sore arms that finally straightened out. I just never had one before. That's what's so funny about it."

What'll become of Grove if he is all through?

Happily, he doesn't have to worry. He didn't go to town when he got in big money, as did, for instance, his old team-mate, Jimmy Foxx. He still lives in a modest but comfortable home in his native town of Lonaconing, Md. His tastes and those of his family are simple. He's saved his money. The boys figure he has at least \$200,000, probably in government bonds. Besides, he owns in the town two bowling alley-billiard parlors which are ample to care for running expenses. Lefty lives well, but simply, his only concessions to prosperity being a couple of fairly expensive automobiles. The rest could be supported on a very ordinary sort of salary. Fortunately, the young man is set, even if his pitching days are through.

But there's something strangely tragic in the story, just the same. You hate to see a king prowling around without his crown, a champion suddenly stricken by a foe he can't fight back. Here was baseball's Prometheus, and like Prometheus he seems doomed to be chained to the mound of hurling impotency while, not vultures, but the batsmen he once blazed down in droves gnaw the vitals out of his once indomitable delivery.

Don't play that Bolero around me!

How a Man of 40 Can Retire in 15 Years



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RICH to retire some day with enough income to support you for the rest of your life.

It makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were then. Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.

Not only that, but if you should die before that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income as long as she lives. Or, if you should be totally disabled for six months or more, you would not be expected to pay any premiums that fell due while you were disabled, and you would receive a disability income besides.

\$200 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on \$200 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1 A check for \$200 when you reach 55 and a check for \$200 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2 A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.

3 A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for 6 months or more.

It sounds too good to be true. But it is true. There are no "catches" in it, for the Plan is guaranteed by an 83-year-old company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force.

If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have free-

dom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to \$200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

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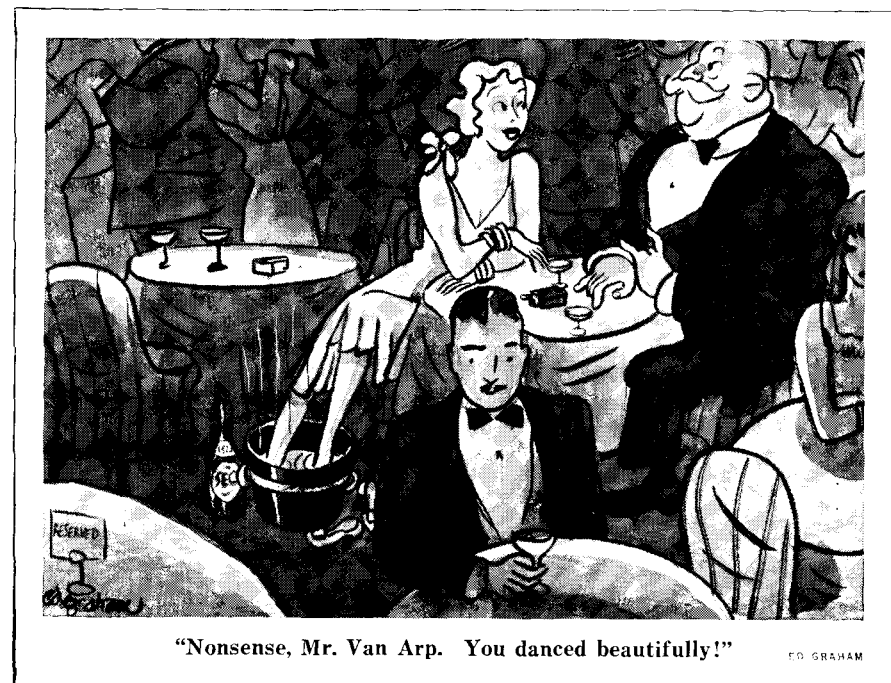
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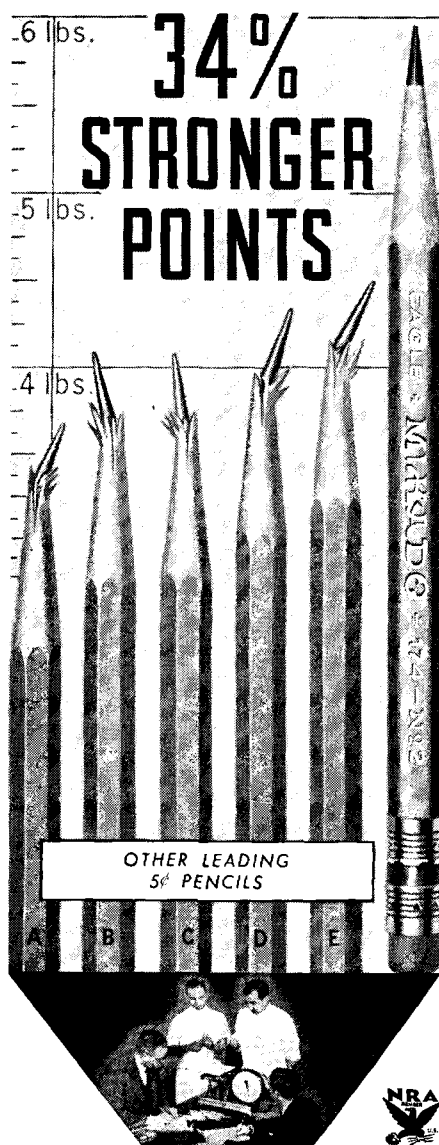
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Hutton and little Mary went off to the mountains, but Tam stayed on in the city, playing a summer engagement in the cool winds and fogs, and George was always with her.

He was working with a fine law firm now, a firm with a splendid reputation: Martell, Hunter and Martell. One day he asked her what she would think of his running for district attorney. Oscar Mullins had the job now, but his term would soon be over, and he was more or less in disrepute.

Tam considered it. She had known him for six months, seven months. Quite simply, quite naturally, he had come to be the most important person in her life.

"I think it would be splendid if you became district attorney," Tam said. "Would you have a chance?"

"Reilley says so, and if anyone knows it ought to be Reilley. The political situation is peculiar right now. He thinks I could get the party nomination hands down."

"Well—" Tam smiled. "You'd like it?" "I'd like anything that brings you a little nearer. Do you realize that on January twentieth it'll be a whole year? You said a year, you know."

"I said a year without a break." "One break. But that didn't mean that I had to start all over again in May?"

"What amazes me, George, is that you could do it so easily. Only one break in a whole year at the Press Club thing when everyone else was equally gay, I gather. I never can understand how a man can go on ruining his life and his health and his future, when all the time it's in his power to stop."

"Incentive maybe, Tam." "Incentive nothing! Isn't merely being decent sufficient incentive? You were sliding downhill a year ago," Tam smiled. "Everyone said so. Certainly when you used first to come into my dressing-room you looked it. If you could have stopped any time, why on earth didn't you?"

"I DON'T know. The truth is, Tam," he replied, his smile whiter than ever in the new browned skin his recently acquired enthusiasm for golf and swimming had given him, "you never think of yourself as doing anything very rotten. I don't believe murderers think of themselves as bad. It was always just missing a court session or forgetting to get a brief ready, and meeting some fellows who were going to the races or dinner or somewhere, and drifting along. It was only when I met you that I began to think that I had damn' little to offer a girl like you, and then—" His voice lowered, he looked away. "Then when you came into my room and sat there, looking like everything that was cool and decent and lovely, and making me feel like the low swine I was—half drunk and not shaved and with those bedclothes all tumbled around—" he said.

He came across to the big chair in which her slim figure had almost lost itself. They were in his rooms at the Sir Francis Drake; Tam had been having tea with him. George knelt down before her, and locked his arms about her waist, and Tam laid both hands on his collar.

"Will you marry me, Tam?" he said. "Just—just being good friends isn't enough, George?"

"Not half enough! We want to find a little apartment somewhere on a hill, Tam, with a view, and have lamps and teacups and all the rest of it."

Woman in Love

Continued from page 21

"But, George, suppose that after we're married things go badly again? Suppose Fitch comes back, or one of the other men who belonged to that old time, what then? Then I'd have no hold over you, would I?"

"I don't think you need worry, Tam. I'm awake now, and it's more than I've been in ten years. I'm myself. Do you know what I mean when I say that I'm myself?"

"Yes, I know what you mean," she said as he paused. "I did something once that wasn't myself, and how frightful it felt until I came back to being myself again."

He was only half listening.

"I'd made a hopeless mess of it all until you came along, and you gave me my life—why I'll never know."

"Perhaps because I'd made such a mess of mine," she said suddenly. "Perhaps I knew how you felt."

"I CAN imagine your idea of making a mess of your life, Tam."

"I was pretty thorough."

"I don't believe," he said, still kneeling, "that you know what it is to do anything rotten."

"You're extremely generous, George. This," Tam said reflectively, "this may be as good a time to tell you as any other. Sooner or later of course I'll have to tell you."

"You don't have to tell me anything, you simp."

"You mean you suspected something like that?"

"Suspected nothing! How d'you mean suspected?"

"I didn't know whether I betrayed myself. I mean by not paying any attention to men, by working so hard. I didn't know whether that would tell a lawyer as smart as you are that I had had my lesson."

"What sort of a lesson?"

Tam pushed him aside, and went over to stand looking out of the window.

"The usual thing," she said quietly, after a while.

"I would be willing to bet five dollars that you don't know what you are talking about," George said, puzzled.

"You would lose your five dollars," Tam said, without turning. "Thank you, my dear, for your belief in me; it's very sweet," she said in a different tone. "Come over here and sit down beside me, George, and let me tell you a—well, not a Christmas story! When I was nineteen I was poor and alone and scared of life and I met a man who could give me everything I wanted. He could take me to the big hotels and buy me orchids and flatter me and talk to me of Hollywood engagements. I drank it all in and believed it. He took me over to Telegraph Hill and introduced me to the Bohemian crowd; Persis and Joe Holloway and Adriana Cox and all of them. That gang is all broken up now since Adriana killed herself. I met Persis in the street the other day and she said that Joe had gone to Tahiti. However, that doesn't matter. They fascinated me, and their ideas fascinated me: about its being nobody's business what one did. To be free was the great thing; I was nineteen and I felt myself gloriously free—"

"Loved him, eh?" George said, as she hesitated.

"Thought I did, I suppose. Anyway, not long after we met he went to Hollywood and I was left to solve my own problem somehow. My mother—you know her, you know how little help she'd be, poor Mother. My brother was what he is now; I never had a cent that

he didn't borrow. He calls it borrowing. And Coral's young man had gone off to Alaska and thrown her down. We had no money, we lived in a horrible place called The Valhalla—"

"Next door to my old friend The Viceroy," George said, with a grin.

"Yes, but it wasn't called that then. I remember it, though. Well, anyway," Tam went on, "the man came back. He was going to play the leads in a new play—old Markisohn was managing him—and there was a part for me. We were going on the road, and after that to Hollywood; it was all arranged. The cards were stacked against me. I was possibly the easiest of his conquests," Tam ended, with a bitter little twist to her mouth. "So now you see," she said, her hands locked tightly in his, bright tears flashing on her eyelashes, "now you see why my heart went out to you, sitting there in my dressing-room, looking so white and sick and disgusted with yourself, and yet all the time George Davis—keen and ambitious and ready to be the next District Attorney of the City and County of San Francisco."

"You darling!" he said, his arms about her, and her head down on his shoulder. "You little, sweet, ashamed darling! You didn't have to tell me this!"

"Oh, but I did," Tam said, straightening herself up after an interval, and quite simply drying her eyes. "It's been on my mind to tell you for a long time. You see, George, if ever you meet a little girl named Mary Laurence, who calls me 'Aunt Tam,' I want you to understand."

"My God!" the man said. "You didn't—you didn't have to go through that?"

"Nearly nine years ago."

"But, Tam—you poor thing, you! Your mother, your sister, didn't they all raise hell?"

"They never knew. I went away in the summer. I wrote them as if I were in New York. I'd really gone to a woman—the best woman I ever knew—who took me in and cared for me. She stood by me," said Tam, talking with a little difficulty now. "I can't talk of it without crying—she was my friend—my Mary's been with her ever since, and she loves her—well, the way a lonely woman does love a wonderful child."

"But that isn't—that isn't 'Aunt Mary' and 'little Mary'?"

"It is."

"You mean that you see your child—but then she isn't your niece at all?"

"I only call her that."

"And all this time your mother hasn't suspected?"

"Nobody's suspected."

"Tam," George said, "if anything could make me love you more than I do—but nothing could—"

"Oh, don't say that," she said, "or you'll have me crying!"

AT EIGHT o'clock she was conscious of nervousness. Suppose that George, shaken by their talk at tea-time, had stopped in somewhere for the old "bracer" that had led to so many other bracers—

But he was prompt to the minute, and in no way could she discern any change in him. He lounged in his usual chair, talking in his usual idle, diverting way. He made no reference to what had been said that afternoon.

Dolores Quinn was in the city now for a few weeks; she was out of an engagement. She came to call on Tamara for a few minutes before the first curtain, and talked, as Tamara had known she would, of a possible engagement in

the Willey Company. Dolores was but nine years older than the supremely successful favorite in whose dressing-room Tam had spent so many thrilled hours, but those nine years had carried her well into the forties, and the parts she discussed now were "mother" parts, matronly parts. She had tried the movies with small success.

"Why'n't you go on to New York, Tam? Now's the time. They've had nothing but flops this season. You know Brady, don't you? Why'n't you ask Brady to look up a play for you? You'll never get anywhere with Diplomacy and The Ironmaster!"

"They're not quite as bad as that!" Tam murmured, brushing her hair.

"What's Willey paying you?"

"One fifty. But we play forty weeks a year."

"Honest?" Dolores exclaimed, shocked.

"That's all."

"But, Lord, Tam, the girls are getting a thousand—fifteen hundred on Broadway!"

"I know. But I like it here. I like San Francisco."

"Saving, huh?" Dolores surmised.

"Yes. I want to retire to a place down below Halfmoon Bay some day, all to myself. Meanwhile I have everything I want," Tam said.

"Didn't marry?" Dolores said, with a glance at George, who was silently listening to the conversation.

"No. Not yet."

"What a grand old girl," George said, when she was gone.

"Typical. It's not a nice old age, that of the actress," Tam said.

"Whereas the life of the wife of a United States senator is filled with interest, dignity, change," George suggested.

"You seem to be rather sure of your political honors, don't you? You're not even nominated for district attorney yet."

"A detail, sweet!"

"District attorney, senator, then what?"

"Not President. Too brief and too risky."

"You think so?"

"But Supreme Court, and an imposing old brick house in Georgetown—that's my idea of life! Boys, girls, holidays in England—dinner parties once a week."

"IT SOUNDS rather nice. But I think, George, you and I'll keep it just as friendship," Tam said, with a little serious glint in her eyes as again they met his in the mirror. "I couldn't get along without my friend, now. I might be able to get along very well indeed without my husband."

"Don't those words say anything to you, Tam?"

"What words?"

"Husband. Wife."

"Yes, they're big words. They're scary words." And then, still lower, "What I told you today doesn't make any difference, then?"

"Look here," he said, with his long body stretched in his chair, his hands thrust down into his pockets. "Look here. You talk about coming clean with me. About something you ought to know. Here's something you ought to know. About ten years ago I did a stretch in a county jail. Driving while drunk was part of it, and knocking an old man down."

Tam's eyebrows arched; she widened her eyes.

"Die?"

"The old man? No, but they thought for a while he would."

"Nice for your family," Tamara said thoughtfully.

"I was always a comfort to them," George told her.

They sat staring absently at each other; then Tamara laughed.

"Was that before you finished law school?"

"I'd had two years of law. I did my time and then somehow I got to New York and finished up."

"The Polly dynasty?"

"Yep. I met Polly there."

"Was your family there, in New York?"

"No, I'd cut loose years before. My family never knew any of this. But I was going straight enough then," George said, musingly. "We had a little apartment in the West Eighties; we were getting along all right. And then came this Sunday—I told you, when Polly burst out crying, and said she thought she'd better go back to her husband, he might be lonely."

"This after a wedding ceremony with you, and how many years?"

"Three years." George grinned philosophically. "She saw in the paper something about oil being struck near San Antonio; I guess she was afraid she'd passed up something. Anyway, she got out, and I came out here. That was—oh, two years ago."

"We're a sweet pair, George," said Tamara.

"We're destined to belong to each other," he answered simply.

He was kneeling beside her chair again; her soft hand was against his eyes and she felt his lashes wet.

"Hush, darling!" she whispered.

"And you will, Tam?"

"Oh, if you want me—maybe—after a few years," she said. . . .

"WOULD you be surprised some day if I found a man I liked and wanted to get married?" Tam asked. The older Mary, who was hulling strawberries, looked up quickly with a little fading of her healthy color, looked down again. There was a moment's pause. Tam looked up from her own berries, laughed a little guiltily.

"When a girl asks that," Mary said, "the young man is usually picked out and waiting."

Tam laughed again.

"I'm afraid so," she admitted.

They were in the old grape arbor; the strawberries picked early that morning were spilled on the table between them in a great mountain on a piece of thin Chinese matting. Beside each woman was a fluffy heap of red and black-green hulls; both women's hands were stained to the first finger joints with the scarlet juice.

Midsummer day lay still and fragrant over California. There was no motion in the high canopies of the green trees; a fountain splashed and was still and splashed again.

"You're sorry?" Tam asked. The other woman looked up as if for a quick denial, shrugged faintly, returned to her work.

"A little, Tam," Mrs. Hutton said reluctantly. "I shouldn't be," she said. "It ought to make me glad. The life you're living isn't a normal life for you; you don't get out of the stage what an actress should. It's all drudgery and routine; you're giving up your life for something that doesn't matter to you."

"The money matters," Tam said.

"Not much," the other woman said with a smile. "You know Mary's taken care of. You might have done a dozen other things that would have given you a living. But I suppose it's lonely for you."

"It seems like Fate," Tam observed thoughtfully. "There seems to be a time when a certain man comes out of the crowd—meaning nothing to you one week, meaning everything the next. He's such a man. I thought for a while that he was the one who cared. I know now that I am."

"You've known him how long, Tam?"

(Continued on page 44)

"This crowd's thirsty! Lucky your refrigerator makes so many ice cubes!"



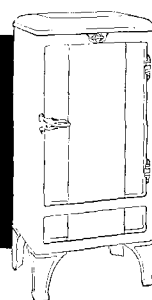
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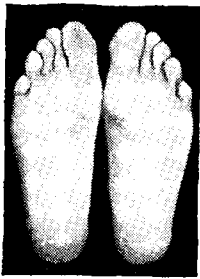
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(Continued from page 43)

"Almost a year and a half now."
"As long as that?"
"Yes; we know each other pretty well. When you and Mary were in the mountains last year we had supper every night together. Mother likes him, and he's wonderful to her."

"He isn't the 'George' you're always quoting?"
"Yes, he is. George," Tamara said, smiling on the name.

"An actor?"
"No; as a matter of fact he's a lawyer. He's supposed to be one of the finest criminal lawyers—among the younger ones, anyway—in the United States. But when I first knew him he was rather gone to seed—drinking and gambling, that sort of thing."

"That doesn't sound very safe, Tam," Mrs. Hutton said, with an anxious look. "Are you pretty sure you know him well enough to risk your happiness with him?"

"I've been pretty sure for months," Tam said. "January was the time we set to decide, and even in January I knew. But I've been putting it off and putting it off to be more than sure. Now I think I am."

"It'll change things," the other woman said after a moment. "It'll mean Mary and I see much less of you!"

"Oh, no. We'll be down almost as often!"

"Ah, no, you won't, my dear. You've—" Mary Hutton's honest, square, sunburned face flushed a little; she looked significantly at her companion, a strawberry poised between the knife tip and her blunt fingers, spoke in a lowered voice. "What about that, Tam?" she asked. "You'll tell him?"

"I TOLD him everything, months ago. I told him just as soon as I knew how important he was going to be to me," Tam answered quickly, with an answering flush on her own face.

"You were right."
"And he only said," Tam added, in a dreaming voice, "that it made me dearer to him."

"Yet afterward, sometimes, they feel differently—they begin to resent things."

"I've thought of that. I've even talked to him about it. I've told him," Tam said, "that I'm independent now, busy and—not unhappy. But, oh," she broke off to say with a little laugh of sheer excitement, "when I think what it'll mean to be married to him, to have the right to be with him always, to have him coming home to me, I feel as if I'd never known what happiness is!"

"You'll give up your work?"
"For a while anyway. Willey wants to retire after Christmas, and I don't know what the arrangement would be anyway; my contract's up then. Mrs. Quinn will probably take over the company."

"You're a stockholder, Tam?"
"Well, I have a little stock in it, but Ella Quinn would probably want to buy it. And meanwhile, nibbles again from Broadway," Tam said, smiling. "It begins to feel as if changes were in the air."

"I don't like changes," Mary Hutton said, with a little shake of her head. "But, my dear—if you were my own daughter I couldn't wish you more happiness than I do!"

"George Davis has had a strange history. It's made him, it seems to me, different from most men, gentler and more tolerant and—finer," Tam, after a glance at her wrist watch, presently said.

"What time is it, Tam?"
"Half past four."
"Mary!" called the older woman, "you can have your milk and cookies now, you and Doris and Rosemary!"

Mary charged across the lawn like a cantering colt, all legs and arms and blowing wild hair. She stopped to kiss Tam; she smelled of tarweed and dried grass and pine gum, Tam thought, and somehow of gingham and sunburned, smooth young brown flesh too.

"Come on, Rosemary!" Mary sang. The bare legs and worn white shoes and faded pink frock caracoled away again. Tam watched her out of sight.

"A little girl and a devoted old Gran are something, Tam," Mrs. Hutton said wistfully. "Don't—don't be in too much of a hurry, my dear. She—we both love you so!"

"George was an only child," Tam said, reverting to the interrupted subject. "His father would have been a very distinguished lawyer, but he died young, and George's mother brought him up. He adored her but she married again, and he felt himself out in the cold; in fact his stepfather told him he didn't want him in the house. His mother didn't know that, and he never told her, but she knew things weren't happy for him. He was in trouble all the time at school—in fact, he's a sort of genius; you feel it as soon as you know him; and geniuses aren't ever very lucky in childhood, are they? Anyway he wasn't."

"So things went on until he was seventeen and then he ran away and took care of himself."

"Poor lad!" Mrs. Hutton said, listening absently.

"And finally," Tam went on, "he landed himself in jail."

There was a pause; the blunt, brown hand was still, with another unstemmed strawberry held in it. The warm, late afternoon smelled of strawberries.

"That doesn't always mean much, Tam," Mary Hutton said presently.

"No. But it doesn't help much either, does it? It doesn't make a boy feel any more confident of himself."

"And then what? He got out of jail?"

"He got out, but there was a queer circumstance about it. This is what I've been leading up to, this is what I wanted to tell you," Tam said. "His name was the same as that of another George, a colored man, as it happened, who had died in jail a week before. There had been an epidemic of some sort of fever, the clerk in the registry office had died, there was a new warden. I imagine there had been a good deal of confusion in the records."

"But surely—surely he took his own name when he came out, no matter what mistakes they made at the jail?" Mary Hutton asked, puzzled.

"It was the same name. He was only twenty-one, and he thought his family might as well think he was dead. He didn't want to disgrace his mother. They had wired his mother that he was dead."

"TAM, don't tell me any more of this," Mary Hutton said, pushing away the bowl of strawberries, rising to her feet. "I cannot—it makes me feel a little faint. It reminds me—I can't talk of it, but it reminds me—I think I will go in and lie down."

"You see a week had gone by after the wrong telegram had gone," Tam said quickly, "and there had been no word from his mother. He thought—he thought she had forgotten him."

The older woman was breathing hard; she had her back turned to Tam, her two sturdy hands, gripped there for support, held tightly to the back of one of the old iron chairs.

"No—no—no; you mustn't let me think what I am thinking; I couldn't hope again now!" she said, in a choked, hard voice.

"The boy's name was George Davis," Tam said. Mary Hutton stood immovable; she made no sound. Tam did not

dare speak again. After a long silence the older woman said:

"You got hold of him—how?"
"He got hold of me. He came to my dressing-room. He'd come out here from the east somewhere to be with Cutler and Bonestell."

"Lawyers?"
"He's supposed to be one of the best of the criminal lawyers. They were going to nominate him for district attorney. They may yet."

"But what—?" Mary Hutton asked. For there had been a reservation in the girl's voice.

"Only that he had been throwing his life away. They felt that they couldn't rely on him. He had been drinking," Tam said.

"You met him?" Mrs. Hutton came blindly to the table, sat down, resting her elbow upon it, her face, with its closed eyes covered by her hand. "My God!" she whispered. "My God! How—how did you meet him, Tam?"

TAM had come back from a dripping garden faucet with an old preserve glass brimming in her hand.

"You're all right, Aunt Mary?"
"I'm all right, my dear."

"I didn't know how to tell you."

"I don't know now—" The hand came down, and the older woman looked at the younger. "I don't know now what you're telling me, Tam," she said. "This boy—this George of yours—knew my George—"

"Is your George, Aunt Mary! I've known it almost from the beginning."

"You didn't tell me, dear?"

"I didn't tell him until this Christmas."

"And he—?"

"Oh, he burst out blubbing like the great big baby he is," Tam said, tears in her own smiling eyes.

"But how did you know him?"

"By his watch—your picture pasted inside the back cover of an old gold watch, and the initials 'G. D.' And 'From his Mother, M. D.' It all flashed on me between two acts. George was in my dressing-room. I was coming back after the first act and standing in the wings when one of the stage hands came to me and asked me if I knew anything about the watch. He had the back lid open, and he showed it to me. 'It's someone named "G. D.",' he said. 'Do you know anyone named "G. D."?' and I looked down and saw a snapshot of you that I'd seen before—one taken out in the sunshine, with George when he was about twelve! And I knew it was the same."

"But it didn't straighten out—oh, for days. It knocked the breath out of me, and all I felt was that I mustn't—mustn't let go of George! I went back to the dressing-room and asked if it was his watch—it was closed up tight by that time, you may believe!—and he took it without any suspicion, and the next day before he was awake—oh, yes, I had made a date for him to meet me that night, but he met someone else, some men, instead, and went off with them. So the next day I walked into his room before he was awake, and since then he has been everything—everything in the world to me, and I've—well, we're going to be married!"

"God doesn't give women two chances, Tam. Not in this life anyway," Mary Hutton whispered. "Not to see my boy again—my little boy, who didn't want me to marry—who was so puzzled and so hurt that I'd put another man in his father's place! Tam," she said, the face turned away from Tam wet with tears, "these terrible years—eighteen of them!—couldn't be just a bad dream!"

"One year of my life is beginning to seem more and more like just a bad dream," Tam said.

"Where is he?"

"Well, I think," Tam said, glancing toward the tree-shaded drive and the green, mellow sweetness of the garden. "I think that's he walking across the lawn with Mary there. I told her to look out for him at half past four o'clock, and I told him not to come until I stood up—as I did just two minutes ago."

Tears blinded her eyes as the other woman turned to look in the direction of the drive. She saw the man drop Mary's guiding little hand and begin to run, she saw mother and son meet, and she saw the gray head go down on his shoulder, and heard the one thick cry "Bunny! My little boy!"

Then she beckoned to the interested

Mary, and they went through the green side gate together to the berry bushes.

"We'll fix some figs and raspberries for supper," Tamara said. "Gran told me once he loved raspberries."

"Does Gran like him?" Mary demanded.

"She loves him very dearly. He's her little boy that was lost. Go get your apron off the nail, Mary. You mustn't get that dress all in a mess," Tamara said.

"But why are you crying, Aunt Tam?"

"Because I'm so happy, darling. Because life can be so wonderful," Tam said.

(To be continued next week)

Without False Whiskers

Continued from page 22

than usual. The report sheet of his man in the Southwest brought sensational news. Somehow—they smile when you ask how—this agent had got possession of a bank statement listing the Liberty bonds which had once belonged to Fall, and he had forwarded the numbers to Washington.

Though this was a break, a beginning, it was no more than that. There was no indication of the source or disposal of the bonds. They had been sold and resold many times before and since Fall had them. The Secret Service next had to trace the life history of each bond from the day, a decade before, it had left the Treasury. They had to shovel—literally shovel—through mounds of papers stored in vaults, warehouses, attics, cellars, often to discover that they were on a false scent. But they stuck to their digging and questioning and trailing, and after many months they identified the bonds deposited for Fall as some of those used by the corporation in paying dividends.

The discovery sent some prominent folk flying to their lawyers, others to Europe, and one of the refugees is still a man without a country. Despite these flights and refusals of witnesses to testify on the ground of self-incrimination, it furnished the keystone for the government's case. It resulted in the only conviction growing out of the oil deal, for Sinclair went to jail simply for contempt of the Senate. It led the Supreme Court to denounce Fall as a "faithless public officer," to uphold his conviction in the lower court and to order restoration of the oil fields to the government. But to Chief Moran it was only further proof that perseverance and common sense count more than the dime-novel didoes so dear to Presidents.

Catching the Counterfeiters

Teddy Roosevelt, who got a boyish delight from sicking the Service onto "malefactors of great wealth," often boasted of Chief Moran's solution of the famous cotton crop leak of 1905. The simplicity of the thing struck Teddy's funny bone. This report, which is an official estimate of annual cotton production, was prepared behind barred doors and locked windows, for advance knowledge gained by speculators might mean tremendous losses to producers, consumers and legitimate traders.

Midnight secrecy surrounded the assembling of the final estimates. Special guards stood in the halls and outside the buildings. Special cooks prepared meals for the estimators during the last day and night. As a further precaution, the scattered data were not put together into comprehensible shape until the last minute. Newspaper report-

ers, in making public the results, had to undergo a ritual which prevented premature publication by so much as a split second. To the last some high officials scoffed at the thought that anybody could break through these barriers. But market movements netting cotton speculators a one-day profit of \$50,000,000 indicated that somebody was "leaking" to Wall Street.

The chief's report revolutionized the whole system, and the most important change was the installation of a new kind of immovable window shade. It was by raising the curtain up or down, the chief satisfied himself after investigating inside and out during the operations, that a trusted estimator slipped information to outsiders, who, in turn, telegraphed it to brokers. An investigation of certain employees' bank deposits and real estate purchases disclosed the offender, and confessions wrung from the go-between nabbed on the spot rounded up the ring. As a result of reforms instituted at the time, there has never been a "leak" since.

The study of money is Mr. Moran's hobby, and he is happy when he has a clever counterfeit under his handy microscope. Right now the detection of counterfeits occupies much of his time, for the New Deal has, in many ways, opened fresh opportunities for the gentry with gifted fingers.

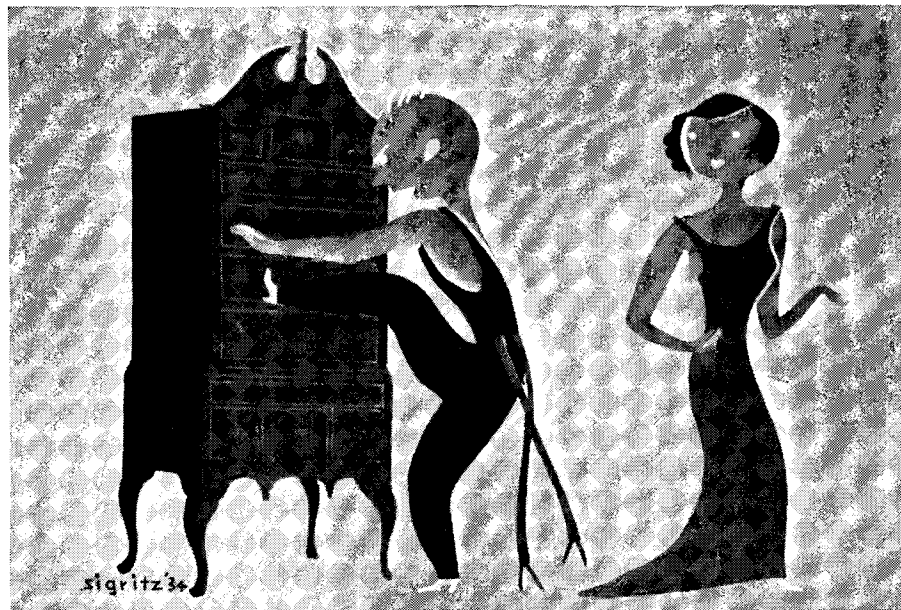
The appearance of new issues and government securities since March 3, 1933, has brought an itch to the fingers of those eager to capitalize on the abnormal ignorance and gullibility of the public. Improved business conditions, which mean a higher velocity of money and greater carelessness in handling it, provide a richer and larger market for the "queer stuff." Prohibition repeal has upset counterfeiting customs. During the dry era bootleggers often passed bad bills on one another, but they rarely got outside these illicit channels. Repeal has forced them to try to liquidate by putting the counterfeits into more legitimate fields.

In fact, Chief Moran is now passing on suspected greenbacks so well executed that they have been in circulation since before he entered the service. In such moments his matter-of-fact manner vanishes, and he talks of counterfeiters, the craftsmen of the good old days and the botchers of today, with the enthusiasm and discrimination of an artist. He seems to have a sneaking, sentimental admiration for the "old masters" of several decades ago, as one does for an old college chum who had an air about him. But maybe it's only because they recall those youthful days when every statesman's interest in Nick Carter and the James boys inspired him to want to be a common-sense detective.

PET HATE (NO. 7)

"Pardon my language, but the #1**** drawers sure stick in this old highboy!"

"I'm used to your language—but I hate to be reminded of tugging at old-fashioned metal trays frozen in a refrigerator!"



In the dark days "B.F.R.T."* ("Before Flexible Rubber Trays!") a man had to be a combination boot-jack and grappling hook to get an ice cube!

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Continued from page 9

About five miles up Suisun Slough, which is a broad and navigable reach, two shallow and narrow sloughs about a quarter of a mile long cut into the great Suisun Marsh from the right bank of the parent slough. These small sloughs are known as Twin Slough No. 1 and 2 and are separated from each other by a distance of about a quarter of a mile. At the extreme end of No. 1 Jeremiah Hickey had, in more affluent days, caused to be towed and anchored a discarded grain barge upon which he had erected a three-room shanty—two bedrooms and a combination kitchen and dining-room. He had also leased for a term of years the quarter section of marsh land surrounding the little slough, and here, on his days off, in the open season he shot snipe and jumped mallard up out of the pot-holes.

This combination fishing and hunting lodge was dear to Officer Hickey's heart; he had furnished it attractively with good beds and second-hand furniture. His fresh water and supplies he brought up in a condemned captain's gig which he had purchased at the Mare Island Navy Yard. He fished from this boat and when it was not in use he kept it in a berth at the St. Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco.

On Tuesday morning, therefore, a truck having deposited his fresh water and supplies on the yacht club dock, Officer Hickey loaded up and started on the fifty-mile voyage upriver to his lodge. He had two cases of beer aboard and sufficient ice to last him a week; he had his revolver with him and as he emptied each beer bottle his plan was to toss it into Twin Slough and strive to improve his marksmanship by shooting the neck off it.

HE ARRIVED at his destination about four o'clock, tied his motor boat up to the barge and was about to unlock the door of his shanty when he noticed that the door had been forced. Inside he discovered, by some soiled dishes on the table, that two men had been occupying his lodge. Further investigation disclosed two five-gallon carboys of spring water and sufficient assorted provisions to last two men a month. Both of his beds had been slept in.

Further investigation resulted in finding on his back porch a sack of contraband Scotch whisky.

"Bootleggers have made this a rendezvous for the upriver trade," he decided. "And, come to think of it, I met a big, powerful, fifty-foot launch with two men in it roaring down Suisun Slough as I came up. That wasn't a pleasure craft. I noticed it was built to carry cargo. Gone for a load of booze and in all probability they'll be back tonight."

He found hot coals still in the fire box of his stove, so he cooked himself a steak and fried potatoes and boiled a pot of coffee. When he had finished his dinner he carefully washed and replaced the dishes and utensils he had used but left intact the soiled dishes of his uninvited guests. Then he boarded his boat and went down Twin Slough to Suisun, turned north to the other Twin Slough, No. 2, backed his boat into the mouth of it, threw bow and stern anchors out on the bank and lay effectually concealed from any boat that might come up Suisun Slough after dark, since such craft would naturally keep out in the channel. From the bows of his boat he could just peer out around the corner and down Suisun Slough.

About half past two A. M., with the peculiar pertinacity of his profession, he was still awake and alert. Suddenly, far down Suisun Slough, he made out the red and green side lights of a launch approaching; gradually the rhythmic muttering of two very powerful motors reached him. He judged the approach-

ing launch was about half a mile distant, when suddenly her side lights went out; a moment later the white beam of a powerful searchlight swept the water ahead and turned along the surface of the water until it revealed the tall rushes along the west bank. There it rested as the boat came on at about ten miles an hour.

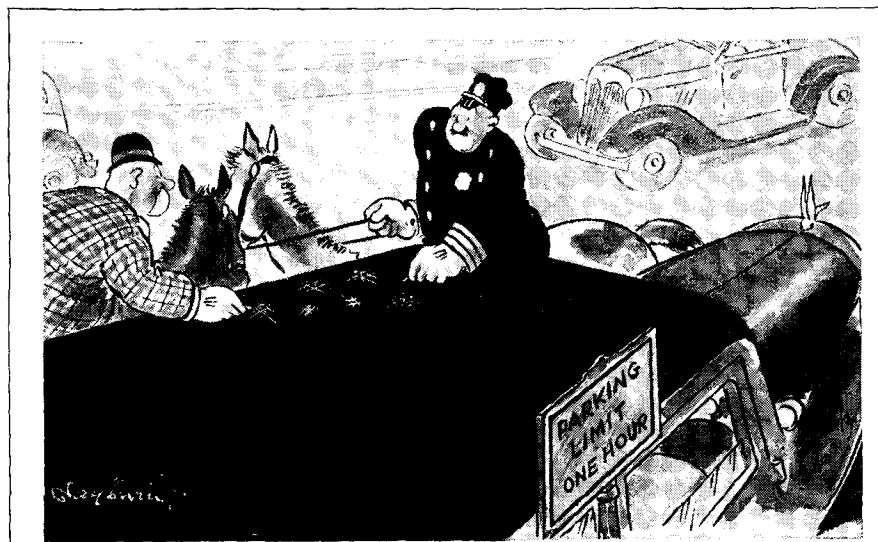
"Looking for the mouth of my slough, the skunks," Jeremiah Hickey growled. "Ah, they've found it. They're turning in. Very well, my brave lads, I'll turn in too, but I'll be calling upon you at the crack of dawn. You'll mighty well find out who your landlord is!"

HE SET an alarm clock and stretched out on the cushioned seat in the cabin of his boat. It was gray in the east when he awakened and crawled ashore. The rank growth of rushes grew not more than ten feet from the edge of the waterway; beyond that was marsh grass about a foot high; the footing was spongy in spots but firm. He crossed the marsh diagonally to the

fellow face downward and expertly tied his hands behind him and trussed him securely at knees and ankles.

Next he crept to the door leading to his first bedroom, opened it and peered in. On his double bed three men lay sound asleep and, judging by the pungent aroma of their breaths, they were sleeping much sounder than usual. On a bureau lay a pair of regulation police handcuffs; Officer Hickey, through force of habit, had his own handcuffs in his hip pocket, so he cautiously used both pair to handcuff each of the two side sleepers to the man in the middle. Nor did they awaken during the operation.

A careful search of the room revealed no lethal weapons, but he knew they were there. Gently he pressed the bed back from the wall on its casters, crawled in between the wall and the head of the bed and reached in under the pillows with consummate stealth. Three reaches—three automatic pistols! He removed the clips of cartridges from them and laid them on the bureau, then



"Ticktacktoe! That's two you owe me, Ryan"

JAY IRVING

head of the Twin Slough No. 1, came out on the bank, peered through the rushes and "cased the joint." Within the house was silence; the big black motor boat, longer than the width of the slough, lay pointed upstream, with her nose tied to the barge.

Noiselessly Officer Hickey crept off onto the barge and thence down onto the enemy's boat. It was light enough to see inside her cabin now and the first thing Officer Hickey found was a machine gun, with two full clips of cartridges, the whole wrapped in a gunny sack on the cushioned longitudinal settee. Upon investigating the cabin-house he discovered it was made of bullet-proof sheet steel with narrow slits forward, aft and on both sides.

In the cabin he found a coil of signal halyard, which he appropriated. Then he crawled out on the barge again, opened the kitchen door and peered in. A swarthy man sat at the kitchen table. He was sound asleep; before him on the table lay an automatic pistol. "Asleep on guard. They'd shoot you for this in the army," Officer Hickey muttered, helped himself to the gun, measured his man and planted a terrific uppercut on the sleeper's blue-black jowl. The man slid forward on the table soundlessly and in an instant Hickey had him gagged with his own bandanna handkerchief. The man was stirring by the time this was finished, so he hit him again, cut two short lengths of signal, laid the

turned his attention to the door of the next bedroom. It was locked.

"Skeleton key, of course," he mused, and got out his own bunch of keys, turned the lock softly and cursed as the door squeaked. He listened but no sound came from within, so presently he pressed the door open farther and thrust his shoulders in. Instantly, from back of the door, something (he knew instantly what it was) was pressed under his ear and a very cool, very soft and very melodious feminine voice said:

"Come all the way in, brother. If you attempt to dodge back I'll give you the works. Eyes front!"

WITH a sickening feeling in his midriff, Jeremiah Hickey stepped into the room without attempting to look around at his captor. He knew she held him at her mercy, for she followed step by step behind him, never releasing the pressure of the pistol muzzle on the base of his head.

"Lie down quietly on the bed—face down—and pull the pillows over your head," she whispered. He obeyed. "Now let go your gun, you rat." He released the grip of his right hand on it and she helped herself to the weapon. "Remain as you are until I give you permission to do otherwise," she commanded. He heard the door squeak, then the key turned in the lock. What a fool he had been to leave his bunch of keys hanging in the keyhole.

In about a minute he heard the door open again, very stealthily, and the woman's voice murmured:

"I fear I have judged you too harshly, Mister Man. You seem to have done a good job outside. Roll over, please, and let me have a look at you."

Officer Jeremiah Hickey rolled over and looked up into the face of Cornelia Fraser!

"Hello, Cornelia, darling," he said. He had a gift, peculiar to a great many Irish—that of a wonderfully soft, clear voice. "Did those dirty dogs kidnap you?"

"Oh, Jerry, I almost killed you," she wailed and cast herself upon him. "And you came for me—you came for me! Oh, I knew you would, I prayed for you to come—and you came! God is so good. It was in my mind to kill you without warning and then go blasting into the other rooms."

"Let me up," he protested. "You're hugging me, woman. I'm off duty—but remember I'm still a policeman."

He made Cornelia very desperate. She blinked away her happy tears and smiled wryly. "Look here, Jeremiah Hickey, it is apparent that I mean something to you. Tell me. Is that true? You hailed me as Cornelia—darling—and if I'm even—remotely your—darling—I want you to say so—you big damned fool."

"Why, you're all the world to me. Of course you are. But I'd never tell you if you hadn't asked. Please don't ask again."

"Do you love me—just a little bit?"

"I do—I'm dying with love of you. Let me up, you lunatic. Let me up! There's hell in the next room!"

HE TOSSED her brutally aside, dashed into the next room and found a human chain thrashing around on the bed and cursing horribly.

"Lady present," roared Officer Jeremiah Hickey. "Be careful how you use that bed. It's mine." He flipped open the lapel of his old fishing coat and showed them his policeman's shield pinned to the suspender. "Hello, Mannie Mendelbaum! How did you manage to find this place?"

"Saw it one day when I was flying to Sacramento," Mr. Mendelbaum snorted.

"Oh, sad the sight! Cornelia, sweetheart, you're in a scandalous state of undress uniform, if you'll pardon my saying so."

"I crept out of bed when I heard you insert the key in the lock." And she disappeared into her boudoir. In about five minutes she knocked and bade him enter. "What is it?" he asked.

"You might kiss me, Jerry."

"Listen, Cornelia. You were excited. You don't really want a copper for a sweetheart."

"I do and I have since the day you came to my house first. And you haven't been back since. You're terrible. And I do not want you for a sweetheart. I want you for a husband."

"Oh, well," said Jeremiah, "since you insist—and he took her in his arms. "Can you cook, darling?"

"Of course I can."

"I'll take your word for it. Now I'll just drag that other rat from the kitchen in here, and then you come out and watch me cook breakfast, and tell me all about it. Then I'll tell you. After that I'll load Mannie and his boy friends aboard the lugger and take them out of this jurisdiction to where they'll get nothing but justice and mighty little of that."

Out in the kitchen he took advantage of their privacy to gather her in his big arms. "And you were ready to blast your way out with the little automatic I gave you to strap to your leg. Glory be, what a wife for a copper you'll make!" he exulted.



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

Homesickness sometimes becomes so intense that the sufferer not only loses all desire to eat and sleep but develops a melancholia which leads to insanity and death. In fact, army medical officers have come to recognize it, in extreme cases, as a disability which warrants a furlough, or even a discharge, in order to save a soldier's life.

One of the world's most unusual fountains, located in a hot and waterless region of North Africa, gets its water from the air—not from the ground or the clouds. It contains 3,000 large slates which collect the vapor that condenses on them through the great change in temperature occurring between the hot days and the cold nights.—*By Catherine Goodwillie, Richmond, Indiana.*

During colonial days, books which offended were publicly punished by being whipped or burned or both. One such case occurred in Boston in 1754 when the hangman burned in the middle of King Street a pamphlet which criticized a court. About the same time another book was sentenced "to be publicly whipt with forty stripes, save one, and then burnt."—*By L. V. Monasterial, Manila, Philippine Islands.*

The European book-collecting world received a shock recently when about 40 famous "first editions," which have been accepted as genuine in all standard bibliographies for 50 years, were found to be forgeries. In most of them, either the paper or the type or both did not exist at the time the books were supposed to have been printed. And in some cases the text was taken from revised editions.

From 1041 to 1840, the kings of England maintained an official "Cock-crower," a man who appeared in the King's apartment at midnight on Ash Wednesday and crowed, to remind the monarch of Christ's betrayal. On this night in 1840, the new Prince Consort, who had never heard of the crower, was quietly reading when his door flew open and a voice cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo." The shock was terrible. Thus ended the 799-year-old job.

Throughout the world today there are about 30 incurable diseases that are inheritable, among them being several kinds of blindness, hæmophilia and idiocy. Recently conducted experiments on lower animals also show that various abnormal conditions caused by X-rays, such as color changes in fruit flies, can be passed on to descendants.

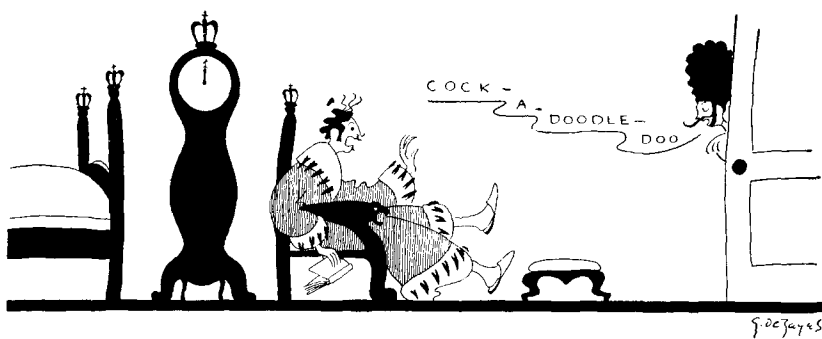
About the most exacting game on record was played by the Indians of North America in the 17th century. They took turns shooting deadly, steel-pointed arrows at one another at a distance of about 20 yards. It required intense application. A "target" could make a false move only once.—*By L. Rennenkampf, New York City.*

The Chinese usually tell fortunes by reading the lines of the feet as well as those of the hands; the Swedes seldom fail to shake hands with one another after they have finished a meal either at home or in a restaurant; and many Negroes in our Southern states still leave the price tags on new suits of clothes to show that they were not made at home.

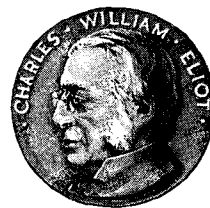
Widows who have not remarried are held in such high esteem in China that *p'ai-lous*, or memorial arches, are erected in their honor. These gateways, which are made of elaborately carved wood, sandstone or marble, are often 50 feet high and usually built over streets and roads, sometimes only a short distance apart when the community has a number of them.

Various heavy metals such as lead, gold and platinum have been found to emit some kind of rays or metallic vapors which harm both germ and plant life even when not in direct contact with it. Certain microbes weaken and die and mustard seeds have stopped growing when plates of these metals have been placed within from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch of them for several days at a time.

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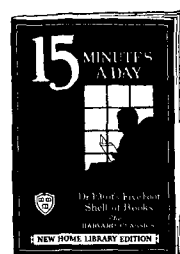
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You Can't Kick Me

Continued from page 13

frozen-meat industry is one of the most important anywhere. Out at Fray Bentos, in the midst of prairies rolling away in all directions to the misty horizon, there is a gigantic plant for preparing meat-extract which has earned the nickname of "the biggest kitchen in the world."

The Uruguayans are practically all of pure European stock. Most of them are descended directly from the original Spanish settlers; and, since the days of Spanish rule, thousands of immigrants—Italians, Spaniards, Germans and others—have settled in the country. Of Indian or Negro blood there is scarcely a trace, which differentiates the country sharply from other Latin American lands.

Much of Montevideo's downtown section has grown up out of the original Spanish settlement. It is a place of narrow streets crossing at right angles; of pleasant plazas flanked by old churches and public buildings built when the King of Spain was overlord; of sudden vistas of ships, loading and unloading at docks only a stone's throw from the banks and shops where the foreign visitor transacts his business.

Once you are out of the old town, you get into a region of fine avenues and brand-new buildings, so cosmopolitan in character that, were it not for the shop signs in Spanish, it might just as well be part of a modern French or American city.

In the midst of all this cosmopolitanism, one thing essentially Spanish has survived—the patio. Practically every house is built around a patio. A dash in a mad Montevideo taxi is enlivened constantly by glimpses of pretty interior courtyards tucked away behind half-closed front doorways, where fountains play and birds sing and flowers riot.

The Puritan Touch

Montevideo's beaches—gay Pocitos, rocky Malvin, fashionable Carrasco—are linked by a magnificent driveway, stretching from the city proper more than ten miles along the shore of the bay, affording beautiful views of distant lighthouses, ships big and little, and the sparkling, white-flecked sea. At short intervals brightly painted kiosks shelter vigilant policemen, part of whose job is to see that the precepts of Mrs. Grundy are observed by visitors to the various bathing establishments—for there is, in the Uruguayan, for all his Latin blood, a touch of the Puritan. During my stay in Montevideo, a young American girl of my acquaintance was severely reproved by a beach constable for wearing a bathing suit which—though hardly of a sort to cause a false impression as to how she was built—would have passed muster on any North American or European beach. And an American youth who appeared at Carrasco, most exclusive of the beaches, in nothing but swimming trunks so shocked a Uruguayan policeman that he chased the American back into his bathhouse and wouldn't let him come out until he promised to put on something more.

The natives of Montevideo are proud of their late dinner hours. Each evening, seven, eight, nine o'clock strikes—and still they sip coffee or beer at a café, blissfully unconscious of the necessity of dining. When the Pan-American Conference was in session at the Uruguayan capital last December, the members of the American delegation were driven almost crazy by the lateness of the local dinner hour. When they finally sniffed soup approaching, they were in a condition of near-starvation.

Montevideo is the only big city in Uruguay. All the rest of its more important towns come nowhere near the capital in size; they are merely country

centers, scattered about amid the vast plains of which the republic is almost entirely composed.

On the Uruguayan plains the millions of cattle and sheep which constitute the principal wealth of the land are now kept behind wire instead of being allowed to roam at will as they did during the first period of Uruguayan history. In those days the great herds of wild cattle were killed merely for their hides and tallow; the Uruguayan landscape was dotted with the skulls and carcasses of slaughtered animals.

Hull Clears the Atmosphere

Scattered over the great plains of Uruguay are *estancias*, or country houses, usually low-roofed structures, often standing with no other building within miles. Around these, and clustered about the crossroads stores typical of rural Uruguay, may still be seen the *gauchos*, descendants of the original settlers—sturdy, tough, sun-tanned individuals who have much in common with our cowboys but who, like the

in Uruguay whatever there was of hostility toward the United States. He embarked on his mission of inter-American conciliation with a most disarming informality.

"The atmosphere was very bad when the conference started," he told me at Montevideo. "Some of the South Americans who were delegates to it, accustomed to use an anti-American attitude for political purposes, were reserved and suspicious. I adopted a method of calling informally on them. I would simply let them know by telephone that I was coming to see them. If they were busy, I saw someone else at their offices; if not, I saw them personally. Soon a free-and-easy spirit was established—there is nothing like getting to know foreign statesmen personally! And they began to come and see me in the same informal manner. As a consequence, before the end of the conference, there was an enormous improvement in the atmosphere."

Little Uruguay has been lucky enough to produce a great man. His name was José Batlle—pronounced, in accordance

All this, one would think, he would have considered achievement enough. But he did not. He also put through political reforms which, for anyone who knows South America and the deep-seated forces against which he struggled, seem positively miraculous.

Batlle became convinced that the main reason for the constant revolutions in Uruguay, as in other Latin American countries, was the enormous power wielded by the President, which tempted those reaching the presidency to stay there as long as they possibly could, in defiance of constitution, Congress and public opinion.

So he drafted a new constitution, abolishing the job of President in Uruguay! That was too much even for his most ardent adherents; they prevailed upon him to modify it, leaving the presidency in existence but vesting most of the powers formerly exercised by the President in an executive council.

In this form the new constitution was adopted fifteen years ago. One of its most important clauses provided that no President, after serving one four-year term, could serve another until eight years had elapsed from the date of his quitting office. It also expressly forbade running for a third term.

Marvelous to relate, the new constitution worked! Election after election was held without serious disorders. One President after another stepped down, after his allotted four years, and relapsed peacefully into private life, instead of sticking to the presidential chair, or laying dark plans for climbing into it again as soon as possible.

Señor Terra Objects

But, at the present time, the new Uruguayan state born of Batlle's advanced ideas is approaching a crucial test. The President of the republic, Señor Terra, has been working for a return to something like the dictatorial authority wielded by his predecessors in the old days before Batlle got busy clipping presidential wings and trimming presidential claws. Following a rumor of impending revolution some months ago, he suppressed the council in whose hands had been placed most of the executive power; and he is having the constitution rewritten in such a way as to restore to the President the wide powers of which Batlle had shorn him.

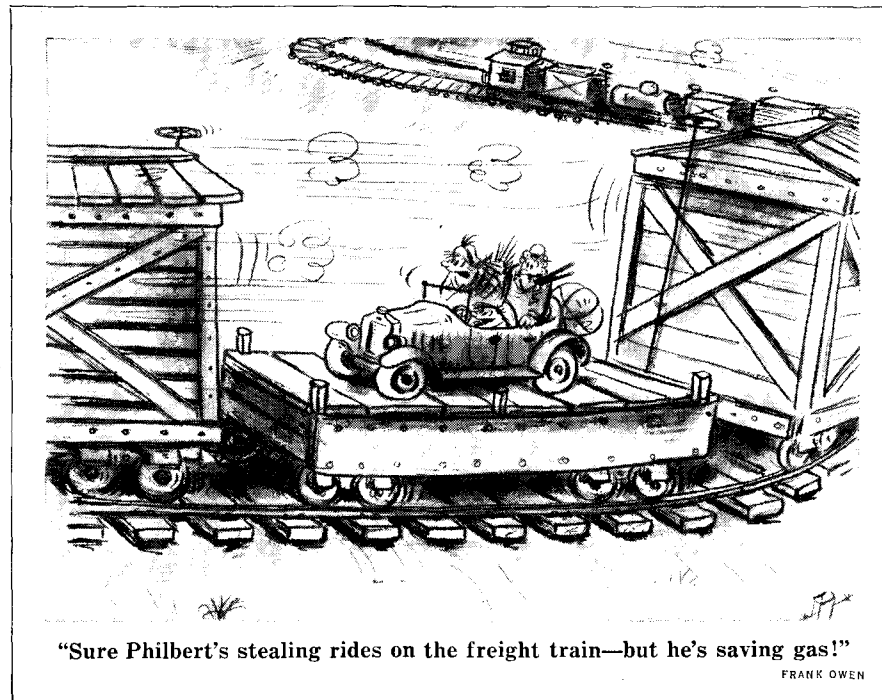
Some time soon, according to rumors rife in Montevideo, a showdown is bound to come between the old idea of presidential near-omnipotence and the Batlle idea of presidential insignificance.

Meanwhile, irrespective of what set of ideas triumphs ultimately in his native land, the Uruguayan goes on being inordinately proud of it. He goes on holding up his head in sturdy independence. At times, his cockiness brings amusing consequences.

For instance, when I was in Montevideo, I was told about a little Uruguayan girl, Carmencita by name, who, having absorbed much concerning the glories of Uruguay from her parents and other adults, got into a discussion with a little girl from the United States as to the relative importance of their countries. It was finally decided that the little American should go to her mother, obtain the latter's verdict in the matter, and impart it to Carmencita.

In diplomatic but firm language the American mother declared that the United States was more important than Uruguay. Off trotted her little daughter to her Uruguayan playmate. Shortly afterward the American mother asked what had happened.

"Mother," answered the little American girl, with the shadow of a great and disturbing doubt on her countenance, "Carmencita says you are quite wrong!"



latter, are not as picturesque in costume or habits as they used to be. However, one may still see Uruguayan *gauchos* wearing bright-colored shirts and with gay scarfs wrapped around their necks—and still, of an evening, they congregate in towns or outside the general stores and dance, to haunting native tunes, the gaucho dances that go back to the days when these plains, like those of our West, were without railways or roads, infested with bandits, and acknowledging no law but that of gun and knife.

In Uruguay one finds a tinge of anti-Americanism. It is felt solely against Americans collectively, for politeness to the individual foreigner is the invariable rule among Uruguayans, as it is in the rest of South America. This aversion—or rather lack of sympathy—toward us is largely due to José Enrique Rodo, one of the most renowned of Uruguayan writers. Rodo had a considerable admiration for the United States and its inhabitants; his objection to them was that they were the creatures of a civilization alien to the Latin American soul.

Undoubtedly the personal success won by Secretary Hull at the Pan-American Conference contributed toward allaying

with the peculiar Uruguayan treatment of Spanish, pretty much as we would pronounce "Barjy." When he died a couple of years ago, he was acclaimed by enthusiastic admirers as the most remarkable statesman of the whole American continent. In the domain of social reform he initiated legislation which would be considered audacious anywhere, but which, in a South American republic, was positively sensational.

Votes Versus Shots

He was instrumental in abolishing capital punishment. He introduced the eight-hour day for workers. ("Nine-hour and ten-hour days," he used to say, "are equivalent to suicide for the employed and to murder for the employer.") To him is largely due the suppression in Uruguay of bull-fighting, cock-fighting and other diversions involving cruelty to animals. He fought hard (this time, though, without success) for the granting of equal rights to Uruguayan women. He did more than any other Uruguayan to promote clean elections and get the workers their rights. "Workers will find the vote more efficacious than firing shots or throwing stones," he declared.



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How to Make Conservatives

IT IS safe to say that the Pacific Coast strikes have done more to strengthen the conservative groups in this country than anything which has happened since Herbert C. Hoover defeated Alfred E. Smith for the presidency. Franklin D. Roosevelt made a wide liberalism amazingly popular and his name is still magic but the ill-advised strikes caused a change as to labor.

A general strike is the fruit of muddy thinking. The West Coast strikes were doomed to failure and disaster before they started. Their only possible effect, short of revolution which the unionists did not want and were not seeking and could not have managed, was to arouse, organize and strengthen every force hostile to unions.

This result is as unavoidable as destiny itself. The general strike except as a weapon of revolution simply won't stand thought.

Those who awoke the general strike said in effect to the community: "We will compel you to intervene in our behalf. We have a quarrel with our employers. You must take our side. We won't let you work. We will cut down your food. You can't travel to your job. We will paralyze all the activities of the community. We will permit nothing to be done without our approval. If the hungry are fed or the sick treated, it will be by our mercy. We will suspend every service which we do not specifically exempt.

"It is necessary to sacrifice your rights in order to win ours and this we propose to do."

No general strike committee ever made such an announcement but this is precisely what every general strike seeks to accomplish. Unless the public were frightened or annoyed into demanding a surrender to the unions there could be no possible reason for using such a weapon.

Now the fact is that the public never has been scared or irritated or starved into submission by a general strike. It is a safe guess that the public will never surrender

in such a struggle. It is entirely conceivable that a strong revolutionary party in a small and compact country might take over the government through the machinery of the general strike.

The United States is not a small and compact country and we have no revolutionary parties worth serious consideration. With us, general strikes have been used exclusively in labor union controversies.

The tragedy of the general strike is that it causes men to forget the original issues. It is conceivable that the San Francisco longshoremen may have been right in their original quarrel with the shipowners. Their case, however, immediately was dwarfed by the far greater struggle of the community to manage its own affairs and to live its own life. Justice to longshoremen or shipowners is quickly forgotten when men are worried over getting food for their wives and children.

So naturally the general strike gives power to conservatives. The man and the group who can talk most effectively about "law and order" are the real beneficiaries of the general strike. Some of them may be, and in times past have been, demagogues and cheap politicians of the first rank. Their insincerity does not matter immediately so far as votes are concerned. After

a large strike, the public cares more for quiet and regularity than for anything else.

Most liberal men and women concede the right of collective bargaining however they feel about particular unions. This is the reason it was possible without much debate and with almost no controversy to write the collective bargaining section into the National Industrial Recovery Act.

American unions have on the whole been conservative. Samuel Gompers was no radical and neither is William Green. Organized workers have traditionally chosen conservative leaders.

The unions have thought it wise to seek in separate crafts and industries the benefits to be obtained by collective bargaining. Not since the Knights of Labor collapsed in the late eighteen eighties has it been possible to get responsible union leaders to consider radical doctrines. Collective bargaining found more friends because of the conservative policies pursued by the unions.

The union leaders in many states are also political leaders and in some cases political bosses. They have too much of a stake in the present social order to have much interest in another system. They are bargain hunters and not revolutionists. There has been no labor party and certainly no revolutionary party.

Beyond all question the Pacific Coast strike strengthened the forces opposed to unions. Just as soon as the public welfare was threatened, the doom of those who engineered the threat was written. A reaction was started which won't quickly die out.

Sensible men and women will hope that in this aftermath the causes of the original controversy will not be forgotten. It is of course necessary to assert the supremacy of the public interest. But it is also important to do justice even to those who present their causes badly. This we are prone to forget once we have settled the larger issue.

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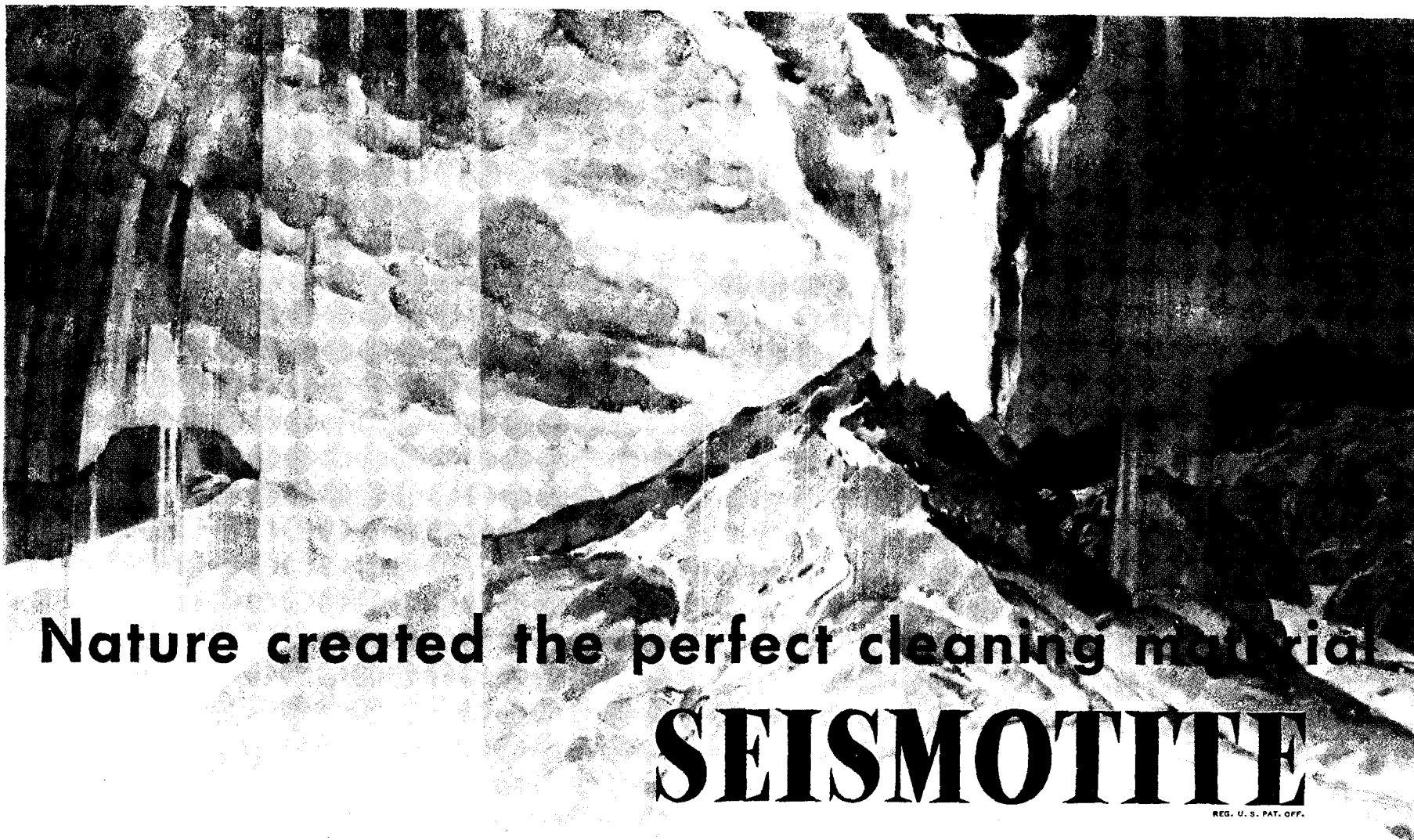
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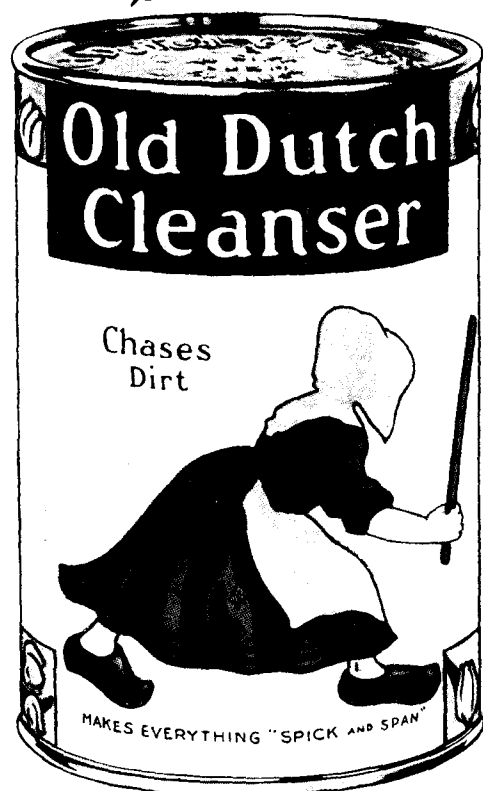
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